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Sir Stafford's Small Mercies

ESTIMATING conservatively the prospective natural growth in the yield from existing taxes, and taking an unexpectedly cautious view of the size of capital expenditure, the Chancellor has produced a Budget whose virtues may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. He has not yielded to City pressure for capitalist incentives in the shape of a remission of profits tax; he has rightly restored the housing target to 200,000 units a year; he has undertaken that the reduced figure of £410 millions in food subsidies will be a floor as well as a ceiling, so that the benefit of any fall in world prices will be passed on to the consumer; and he has wisely confined himself to aiming at an approximate overall balance in place of the overall surplus of £60 millions for which provision was made last year. It is surprising that Sir Stafford should calculate that outgoings for private War Damage and loans to Local Authorities will be practically as great this year as in 1949; but, if this assumption be correct, there is no case for criticising his decision to cover his net "below the line" expenditure of £450 millions by an "ordinary" surplus of £443 millions. In doing this, the Chancellor is accepting the logic of a situation in which such a large proportion of the gross national income is absorbed by the State that the margin for personal investment necessarily becomes small, and the Budget is an agency for compulsory saving.

For his small mercies—the reprieve of housing and food subsidies—the Chancellor merits praise; but such changes in taxation as he proposes are open to the criticism that they seem likely to be singularly ineffective in promoting the economic stability at which he is aiming—to say nothing of the "happy land" of his lyrical broadcast peroration. Raising £73 millions from an extra tax of 9d. a gallon on petrol, and £11 millions by a purchase tax of 33⅓ per cent. on commercial vehicles—proposals whose implications we discuss below—he devotes this fresh revenue to reducing by a sixth the rates of income tax, previously 3s. and 6s. respectively, payable on the first £50 and the next £200 of taxable income. In so doing, he cannot be accused of wooing the middle-class vote; for, in so far as members of this income group are motorists, the extra cost of the enlarged ration of petrol will absorb most of the maximum relief of £11 5s. a year in income tax. Equally, this is not "bottom-dog" fiscal policy; for a married couple with two children will not begin to benefit from the concession unless the husband's earnings exceed £7 a week. To bachelors earning between £4 and £7 a week the Chancellor has given reliefs ranging from 6d. to nearly 3s. a week, but to the great majority of married workers the concession means nothing at all. It can be argued that it provides an incentive to earn overtime, but the incentive effect for a single man is exhausted when earnings reach about £8 a week, or £12 a week in the case of a married couple with children.

Had he wanted to reinforce by his fiscal measures the renewed plea which he made in his speech for restraint in wage claims, the Chancellor might have been better advised either to make some worth-while remissions of purchase tax on household goods, or to devote £100 millions (as he would have had to do) to making the five shillings' family allowance applicable to the first child. It might even, we suggest, have been better to have increased personal allowances—thus narrowing the scope of P.A.Y.E. As it is, the incentive value of the proposed income tax changes will, we fear, be limited; and, since the groups of workers from whom the pressure for wage increases is strongest will find in this Budget little or no alleviation from taxes or diminution of living costs, but only the prospect of higher fares, the chances of the continued "restraint" in wage demands seem dim. What the Chancellor may hope to do is to argue that he has made out a case for re-shaping the wage structure, assuming that increases to the lowest paid workers are inevitable. Admittedly the skilled worker earning between £10 and £15 a week will gain if he does not run to a car or a motor-cycle; but we doubt whether this argument will persuade, say, the engineers to abandon lightly the traditional differentiation of wages between skilled and unskilled workers.

In short, admitting apparently that the problem of the lower-paid workers cannot be solved by the Treasury, the Chancellor has framed a Budget which will neither appease his enemies nor greatly inspire enthusiasm among his friends. He has maintained the conception of the Welfare State and re-affirmed the policy of "full employment." He has, however, delivered a discreet ultimatum to the T.U.C.: "Either you find a national wage policy—or we lose the next election."

Taxing the Road Transport

In increasing the tax on motor spirit and fuel oil, the Chancellor can fairly argue that, at 3*s.* a gallon, the price of petrol still compares favourably with that in most Continental countries. Moreover, since the private motorist will, in most cases, be getting a countervailing remission of income tax, he can probably be relied on to take up his enlarged ration. As he clearly does not want to have to spend more dollars on imported petrol, Sir Stafford evidently hopes to secure economies in the consumption of petrol, diesel oil and fuel oil by commercial concerns. As a further prod in this direction, he is imposing a purchase tax on commercial vehicles.

We regret that the Chancellor has failed to accompany his changes, so far as private motorists are concerned, by a standardisation at £10 of the Motor Vehicle Duty: the poor man's old crock becomes a still more illogically expensive asset. As for the effect of the increased duties on commercial transport, we fear that Sir Stafford is unduly optimistic in discounting the probability of increases in fares. On the other hand, we share his view that, with railway freight revenue declining, it is very questionable whether a further increase in road-borne goods traffic should be encouraged. Already there are over 800,000 commercial goods vehicles licensed, as compared with 500,000 before the war. Indeed, a fiscal deterrent to this form of domestic capital investment might well have been applied two or three years ago.

The Balance of Payments

The White Paper on Britain's balance of payments (Cmd. 7928) now issued adds some details of interest to the broad picture presented by the *Economic Survey*. In particular, the figures show that, though the United Kingdom's dollar deficit in 1949 was not substantially smaller than in the previous year, Britain resumed to some extent her pre-war role of buying from Western Europe more than she sold: a surplus of £100 million with the O.E.E.C. countries in 1948 was transformed, in 1949, into a deficit of £20 million.

From the detailed summary of transactions on current account, an unwelcome feature which emerges is the increase from £113 million to £164 million in the Government's military expenditure overseas. The extent to which this expenditure was in dollars or other "hard" currencies is not disclosed; but the cost in sterling was equivalent to that of the whole of the food and feeding stuffs bought with dollars.

Film Finance and Policy

At the end of its first year, the Film Finance Corporation has spent nine-tenths of its £5 millions. This heavy drain reflects the increasing difficulty of producers in obtaining finance from normal sources, and it is clear that without this State aid the plight of the British film industry would be far worse than it is already. Some 51 films, ranging in quality from *The Third Man* to third-rate features, have been financed by the Corporation's loans, and it can at least be said that this money has helped to keep studios, actors and technicians employed.

At the instance of the Board of Trade, the Corporation treated British Lion on "radically different" terms from other producers, and £3 millions of public money were allocated to strengthening its capital resources. It is true that Sir Alexander Korda's concern is the largest producing group outside the Rank enterprises. But the Report states that the Corporation has had "less effective" control over British Lion production costs, that it has not always been given "full information" and that the submitted production budgets are "too frequently exceeded." Clearly, British Lion has been taken very much on trust. If its projects fail financially, a great deal more public money may have to be written off as lost than the Corporation's provision of £750,000 for estimated losses. Even if they succeed, the Corporation must wait for some time for its loans to come back. In the meantime, if it is to continue its subventions, Parliament must put up some more cash for the Corporation.

In short, the Corporation has succeeded in stimulating output but has done so at considerable cost. The Government now has to review its film policy. If the State is to put up money on this scale, it is at least worth considering whether this spasmodic pump-priming for separate productions is the best method. A State sector in the film industry would not cost more. But it would enjoy much greater financial accountability and other advantages of rationalisation. There need be no greater measure of "cultural censorship" than has been accepted already by the producers who have borrowed money—that point has been proved by the experience of the past year. This Report emphasises once again the need for a thorough overhaul of the industry and for a coherent Government films policy.

Dockers and Stevedores

The dispute at the London docks over Shaw Savill's attempt to replace stevedores by dockers employed as regulars arises out of the special position of the stevedores in the organisation of the port. Traditionally, the stevedores work on board ship, mainly in stowing cargo, but also often at unloading, whereas the docker proper works on shore. Also by tradition, stevedores are taken on outside the dock gates and dockers inside; and stevedores work by the job and object to full-time engagements, which compel them often to do dockers' work. In practice these distinctions have largely broken down, and they have been further blurred by the war and the operation of the Dock Labour Scheme, under which, in return for a guaranteed wage, the men have accepted the destruction of their traditional working gangs and have agreed to be sent where they are wanted at any time.

This abolition of the old gang system is greatly disliked, not only by the stevedores, but also by many dockers; yet it is supported by the Transport and General Workers' Union because of the greater wage-security. The stevedores, who claim special skill, as do the corn porters and other particular groups of dock workers, care less for this security than for their position as a recognised craft and for the ability to keep their own gangs together. In effect, the Dock Labour Scheme has destroyed the traditional comradely pattern of dock work in order to achieve decasualisation; and the new pattern is favoured by some but deeply resented by others. This is the source not only of the present dispute but of a good deal of the recurrent trouble at the London docks. The Communists doubtless exploit these troubles; but the essential fact is that there are deeply rooted troubles for them to exploit.

Earnings and Spendings

The figures of personal expenditure for 1949 tell a pretty clear story. Whereas total expenditure rose by nearly £300 million and expenditure on food by £160 million, the sums spent on beer, wines and spirits, cigarettes, cinemas and railway travel all fell absolutely as well as relatively. Expenditure on clothing and on furniture increased fairly sharply, and most other kinds of spending showed a moderate increase. Average weekly earnings in industry rose by about 5*s.*, after allowing for a small increase in the numbers employed; but the reduced spending on alcohol and cigarettes is a pretty clear sign that this rise, which did not extend to most of the "blackcoats," was not enough to meet the rising costs of living, especially in view of the amounts of spending that were called for on clothing and household requisites. Thus, the increasing pressure to end the wage- and salary-freeze is easily explained.

Nevertheless, the railwaymen have had their claim for a higher basic minimum again rejected by the Railway Executive, and the engineering and shipbuilding employers seem also to be standing pat. Last week, almost every trade union annual conference pressed for improved pay, in many cases against Executive advice. There are indeed three separate points of high pressure—the "blackcoats," whose salaries have lagged badly behind most manual workers' earnings, the lowest-paid groups, which are feeling severely the pinch of higher prices, and the skilled manual workers who want to recover at least part of the differentials which they lost in wartime. All three groups have a good case, as far as there is any margin out of which their claims can be met; and anything done for the lower-paid workers will intensify the demands of the skilled men.

Leopold's Message

King Leopold's offer temporarily to delegate his powers to his son is not a genuine compromise: it is another tactical manœuvre. Leopold has realised the futility of trying to return without conditions, as his more extreme partisans wished, now that M. Van Zeeland has failed to form a Cabinet of the "King's Friends" formed entirely of Social Christians and some unimpressive independents. It was obvious that this course would have provoked powerful and bitter opposition. Therefore Leopold has at last begun to bargain.

He now proposes to return, accompanied by Prince Baudouin, to whom he would delegate his powers, but adds that this delegation would come to an end "at the moment which I would consider to be in line with the interests of the country." This offer is not nearly so specific as the compromise mooted by M. Spaak, which stipulates that, after Baudouin's coming-of-age in September next year, Parliament should vote

either for Leopold's resumption of his powers or his abdication. Quite apart from the debate as to the majority required in Parliament for this action—the Socialists demanding two-thirds, the Liberals three-fifths, and the Social Christians a simple majority—the compromise itself seems highly unsatisfactory. In the first place, it merely postpones and does not settle the royal question. Secondly, by putting it forward, M. Spaak is making both a retreat of principle, which contrasts strangely with his previous declarations against Leopold's return, and weakening the united front which opposes the Social Christians in Parliament and in the country.

It is strange that M. Spaak should have any illusions about the royalist tactics. If Leopold can find any means of returning to Brussels, his battle is won. If the Social Christians can secure an outright majority at the next elections, he will never go on his travels again. The arguments against his return remain as strong as they were five weeks and five years ago, and no formula can disguise a reactionary victory on the day he flies into Malsbroeck Airport.

Slender Chance in Greece

The new Greek Government under General Plastiras will not afford any substantial satisfaction to that large segment of the Greek electorate which voted on March 5 against the conservative parties and personalities who conducted the civil war. It is a better Government than that formed by Venizelos on the morrow of the elections; but it is not very much better. Papandreou, who is as deeply implicated as any one in the brutal and revengeful policies of the last few years, is the new Minister of the Interior—a change promising little good to the thousands of political prisoners in Makronessos and other concentration camps. Marshal Papagos, meanwhile, has been given uninhibited command of the Services, which should mean, if anything, that the Court's hold on policy will be strengthened. General Plastiras is an honest, ardent, and liberal-minded patriot; but he will have to bestir himself if he is to be more than a respectable figurehead for the extreme Right.

With the Court as badly scared of the Greek people as it is at present, and with the Americans seeing all genuine opposition as Communist intrigue, the new Prime Minister is likely to find himself harassed and hedged about with critics and detractors. Without strong and steady encouragement from abroad the prospects of social improvement are certainly slender. It is all the more appropriate, therefore, that a strong appeal for amnesty and clemency, organised and forwarded by the Union of Democratic Control should have gone to General Plastiras this week from the encouragingly large number of 75 Members of the British Parliament and about 40 other distinguished personalities in this country. The timeliness and urgency of this appeal is emphasised by the report that courts-martial have again begun to pass sentences of death on political prisoners. Although martial law was formally abolished on December 31, a court martial in Lamia is reported by the Athens press to have sentenced a member of the Socialist (E.L.D.) Party to death for high treason, on April 6. We greatly hope that General Plastiras will lose no time in putting a stop to this kind of thing and in carrying into practice his electoral declarations in favour of amnesty. It is upon his progress in this direction that his courage and sincerity will be judged.

Whither Western Europe?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Bidault's Lyons speech proposing to set up a "Supreme Atlantic Peace Council" (or whatever the correct translation may be) has left people puzzled and even a little more unhappy. The proposal is regarded as a courageous attempt to overcome the contradiction between Marshall Aid which, in principle, aims at an economically viable Western Europe, and the Atlantic Pact which, with the expenditure it implies, means its impoverishment. The end of the former is in sight. To the latter there seems no limit. How can even the present precarious "balance" be maintained or, better still, improved?

M. Bidault is looking ahead, and now sees a possible chance of salvation in a greater "Atlantization" of Western Europe—by its more "organic" inclusion in the American sphere. What exactly does this imply? More American aid? Less sovereignty for the countries of Western Europe? And where does the Council of Europe come in? Lots of questions are being asked, and few people seem to know what the answers are. In the last year alone, France has played about with every kind of idea, from the neutralisation of Western Europe, and the creation of a Franco-German Empire of "Charlemagne de Gaulle" to other even more lunatic schemes like "Finibel," i.e., a European (predominantly Catholic) Federation from which Britain and Scandinavia would be excluded. If, instead of a Third Force Europe, which has had to remain a dream in the absence of any proper Third Force parties other than the British Labour Party, we have to put up with a capitalist Europe, it is because (so the argument runs) Western Europe to-day needs *strength* above all else, and the United States is the only real available source of strength.

Some have seen the whole tragedy of Western Europe symbolised in Bidault's speech. The French Socialists are unhappy about it, and some are blaming the "insularity" of the Labour Party for Europe's failure, since 1945, to build up a Third Force. Others ask: Was German Social-Democracy—potentially the strongest Third Force Party on the Continent—crushed by the Americans, or let down by British Labour, or both? Behind it all, there is the fear of an extension of Communist violence inside France, and a fear of war, sharply stimulated by the Baltic air incident. The first reactions to Bidault's proposal are said to be favourable in capitalist America and Belgium, and "reserved" in Socialist England. "I sympathise with England," was one French comment, "but what constructive alternative have you?" The Foreign Office will have to do some hard thinking before the Foreign Ministers meet.

When a plan like the neutralisation of Germany (much favoured in France even a year ago) is no longer taken seriously by the Government, since it means the "hopeless" resumption of talks with Russia, then people are inevitably seized by horrifying thoughts about an inevitable war. It is perhaps a hopeful sign, all the same, that Mr. Crossman's advocacy of a neutralised Germany has received a good deal of attention in the French press. And one or two thoughtful observers have asked whether Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin still consider Mr. Churchill's "peace feeler" as having been merely an empty and unworthy election stunt.

PARLIAMENT: Resignation

Wednesday

POLITICALLY the best way to resign is the way that needs no explaining. In other words, go out like a lion. No personal statement was required from Stanley Evans in the House, because his case was crystal clear. When appointed he had no past as a critic of agricultural policy. But within a few days he provoked protests from farmers and got a rebuke from his senior colleague. This did not deter him on the only occasion when he answered questions from criticising apple growers: foreigners, he said, often pack their apples more attractively. His appearance at the Box was not a great success and he had a brush with the Speaker. Finding the Food Ministry rather different from Birmingham business and the back benches, he was uncomfortable.

Mr. Evans' first *gaffe* was probably a spontaneous outburst, but his second, after 40 days in office, was a clearly premeditated and planned challenge. Determined to resign, he was well advised to pick an issue appealing to businessmen as well as wage-earners. There are Members on both sides who secretly agree with Evans: some because they are for town *versus* country, some because they think Tom Williams has done too much for the farmers and too little for the farmworkers, and some because they write off farmers' votes as a dead loss anyway. His resignation is not unconnected with the inter-departmental struggle against economy cuts. The Food and Health departments are constantly on the spot for too much spending: why not, Mr. Evans is saying, the Ministry of Agriculture? Whilst he is unlikely to lead a revolt, his words may receive powerful, if not outspoken, support.

In spite of the temptations both of economic orthodoxy and electoral coquetry, Cripps was resigned to being good. He brought a sigh of relief to the Tories. The neutral Budget, revealing nothing new, puzzled the House. In 1949 the Treasury made two mistakes: the Departments spent more money and the workers produced more goods than forecast. Revenue from the latter covered the former and the surplus was saved. This year's Budget is deliberately based on another "conservative" assumption about productivity and no important concessions are made except the restoration of the housing programme, vociferously cheered on the Labour benches. Cripps must have decided that a "wage-freeze" is unworkable and that, with the present level of social services, any further redistribution would be impossible.

Tax reductions are, therefore, balanced by increases, with British Railways gaining the benefit of purchase tax on commercial vehicles and a higher petrol price which may well cut consumption to a point where rationing can be abandoned. There is nothing for the low-paid railwayman or teacher whose efforts are not measurable and cannot justify higher earnings by productivity. Cripps can carry the Labour Members if he can show that his policy is absolutely vital to the maintenance of full employment, but he has perplexed them by his extremely obscure reference to a national wages policy. His Budget, which prolongs this Parliament, allows for inevitable wage increases, but his appeal is still for general restraint, whilst admitting the need for a better policy about personal incomes. By raising the National Assistance scales, he has already admitted an exception to the rule that increased incomes must always be linked to increased production. It is left to the T.U.C. Council to interpret Cripps' intentions and do their best.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

The Crisis in Africa

DR. MALAN, like the Nazis whom he and his Nationalist friends in South Africa so greatly admired during the war, is quick to exploit a chance of weakness in his opponents. He has evidently interpreted the British Government's lack of principle in the case of Seretse Khama as a sign of readiness for a more general capitulation. He has now proposed that negotiations with the British Government for the transfer to the Union of the three neighbouring Protectorates, Bechuanaland, Swaziland and Basutoland, should be resumed from the inconclusive stage they had reached in 1939. No doubt aware that a claim based on the South Africa Act of 1909 would admit *ipso facto* the right of continued British interference in favour of the transferred territories—since the Act presumed South Africa's remaining within the Commonwealth and gave the Crown certain rights to annul unwelcome legislation—Dr. Malan is graciously willing to forgo the parliamentary petition required by the Act in favour of direct negotiation.

Although it is morally in a weaker position to do so than before the Seretse affair, the British Government can have no alternative but to reject this proposal root and branch. There need be no doubt on whose side the inhabitants of the three Protectorates will be found. Conditions in the Protectorates are no great credit to British administration; but they are certainly far better than the conditions offered by South African nationalism. What lies behind the proposal, quite certainly, is primarily a thirst for more native labour for the mines and farms of the Union—for the enslavement, baldly stated, of more Africans—but also the desire of the Nationalists to push their power northwards until it can meet and fuse with that of like-minded *Herrenvolk* in Rhodesia and East Africa.

First and foremost, though, it is a thirst for the uninhibited control of new reserves of cheap labour. If the Nationalists were sincere in wanting the sort of "enlightened segregation" discussed lately by the Dutch Reformed Church—of which the logical extension would be the final sovereignty and self-government of the native peoples—they would not press for the ending of the segregation represented by the Protectorates in their present status. They would welcome such thorough-going *Apartheid*. As it is, the phrases of the Reformed Church are admittedly no more than so much Bible-thumping camouflage. Behind the camouflage there stands the ever-widening pit of sweated labour, misery, starvation, disease, and utter abandonment into which the African people of the Union are being pushed with merciless zeal. It is the boasted achievement of the Nationalist Government to have increased labour in the mines by 100,000 since coming into office; on the land as well, farmers are now being helped to round up native labour on trivial offences against the innumerable Pass Laws and to clap them into convict prisons on their own farms. Hitler, it must be said, could not have done it better himself. South Africa is rapidly becoming the prison of millions, just as wartime Germany became a prison.

But the British answer cannot restrict itself to mere rejection. Much more is required than that. The strongest argument in the Union's armoury is precisely that the Protectorates are now economically stagnant, incapable of advance, and doomed to gradual petrifaction if they remain as they are. In support of this, the Nationalists point to the fact that native labour migrates in thousands every year from the Protectorates to the Union. Although the flow no doubt has lessened since the Nationalists came to power, it was running high during and after the war. Between 1941 and 1945, for instance, 41,340 natives were recruited in Swaziland for the mines of South Africa. In 1944, to which the last available data for Bechuanaland relate, the figure was 7,429. In spite of the racial discrimination which existed even before the Nationalists took office, many natives of the Protectorates thought they had a better chance of life in the Union than at home under the negative indifference of British rule.

To hand over the Protectorates to the South African Nationalists would strip the colonial administration of the Labour Government of any claim to courage and consistency. It would be accurately called a crime against humanity. Merely to reject the demand for transfer, and to leave the natives of the Protectorates as they are, would be to admit the incapacity of British administration to offer its subject peoples the opportunity of a better life. There is a strong case for the overhauling of the whole of British colonial policy in Africa, for the reconsideration of principles and possibilities, and for the enlargement of ideas, both British and African. That the crisis in Africa is of the first magnitude seems beyond question. Signs of this erupt on every hand. We cannot, as a people, shuffle off the responsibility. It is evidence of awakening public interest that an invitation to hear Michael Scott, himself a South African, on conditions in the Union, should have packed the Central Hall, last Monday. "In South Africa," Scott told this audience, "you will find a theoretical and effective colour bar which is crucifying our country and obstructing the national, social and economic development of all races, the white races included." The very least that Britain can do is to limit the area of crucifixion.

Lessons of the Election

II.—THE ELECTION MANIFESTO

ONE conclusion at least can already be drawn from the experience of this Parliament—that another election giving Labour office without power, might well be fatal to British Socialism. The Conservative Party can survive by squatting on the *status quo;* a Left-wing Party cannot. If it fails to maintain its momentum, it is swept away. Far better, then, to increase the stakes in order to win a workable majority than to lower them in a nervous effort to cut our losses.

What does this mean in terms of electoral programme? First of all, it does *not* mean deliberately provoking the middle class, *i.e.*, all those people in all walks of life who regard themselves as independent-minded electors and not sheep to be led to the polling booth. Abuse of the class-enemy and talk about the spirit of Keir Hardie and William Morris are no substitute for a policy, in a country where organised Labour has achieved status and power—not to mention a "bourgeois psychology."

Herbert Morrison, therefore, is right enough to be looking for a practical expression of Socialism in terms of our experience since 1945. What he sometimes fails to see is that you cannot achieve it simply by discarding any idea that shocks the *News Chronicle*. A Socialist economy—in which the State spends nearly half of the national income; the miner earns as much as the petty official; the price system is distorted by deliberate planning, and controlled inflation becomes the norm—this is a monstrous thing in the eyes, not only of the business community, but of most civil servants, economists and "well-informed people." The Labour Party will not placate the middle classes by pretending that it is not guilty of the "crimes" attributed to it by George Schwartz and Professor Robbins. Nor will it win any votes by telling the millions of electors to whom a depression would bring a net gain that they have lost nothing by "full employment." For people who depended on a fixed income, as well as for workers in Government employment and sheltered industries, the 1931 slump, with its low prices and high unemployment, was a period of relative prosperity. It is not only disingenuous but futile to tell such voters that Socialism materially benefits them as individuals. If they vote Labour, it will be because they are convinced that, despite what they have lost in real income or status, Socialism is "a good idea."

The failure of the last election Manifesto was that it submerged the principles of Socialism in a mass of apologetic detail. The central importance of State ownership of steel to the planning of full employment was obscured by the eccentric proposal to nationalise cement and sugar as well. This did nothing to placate any Left-wing Socialist, and merely gave the floating voter the impression that nationalisation was a fad of the Labour Party and would be carried out, whether or not it was relevant to our economic problems. So, too, the overwhelming moral case for cleaning up industrial insurance was ruined by the compromises introduced to placate the vested interests in the industry. Far better to leave insurance completely alone than to put forward a scheme compromised into ineffectiveness. Labour's housing record was extremely good. But it was never put over properly because the simple Socialist principle—houses for those in need and not merely for those with bank deposits—was pushed into the background. Even more remarkable, the main justification for austerity and controls—that without them, we cannot become independent of the U.S.A.—was entirely omitted from the Manifesto, presumably on the ground that the average voter is not interested in foreign policy. As a result, Mr. Churchill was permitted to seize the initiative on the issue of peace, and to

make the Labour Government look as though it was punctiliously refusing to do anything about the Hydrogen Bomb. The result of all this was that the election campaign, in the eyes of the independent voter, degenerated into a competition between "ins" and "outs," two groups of politicians distinguished not by their principles but merely by their election promises. Of all the Labour broadcasters, only the Prime Minister succeeded in putting into words the combination of common sense and idealism which is the real motive power of British Socialism.

It is, of course, far too late to suggest any new proposals which could be included in Labour's next election manifesto. Nor indeed are such proposals necessary. What is needed is that the party leaders—some of whom have now had ten years in office—should stand back and see the situation in terms not of day-to-day administration or legislative time-tables, but of applying Socialist principle to the crisis in which we live. If they could only be persuaded to do this, they would not only write a good election programme; they might also considerably improve the day-to-day policy of the Government.

Let's see if we can make a start.

(1) The first aim of the Labour Party is to end our dependence on American Aid. This can only be done, if we are ready to plan our economy and husband our resources. Socialism is the only way to regain national independence.

(2) Britain is the only country which can possibly break the East-West deadlock. But we cannot have an independent foreign policy until we are economically independent. As spokesmen of all the peoples threatened with atomic destruction if the Cold War is allowed to develop, we absolutely refuse to accept the idea that a peaceful settlement with Russia is impossible. That is why the Labour Party is firmly opposed to such aggressive steps as the rearmament of Western Germany, and is determined to work inside and outside the United Nations organisation for a Convention on Atomic Disarmament.

(3) If our present prosperity is not to collapse when Marshall Aid ends, we must increase our productivity and plan our production as energetically as we did in wartime. This will mean austerity for the consumer which is only tolerable if he is assured of Fair Shares. Socialism is the only way to get the best out of our people. If we give it up now, we shall relapse into the selfish defeatism of the 1930s.

(4) The period of wartime and post-war scarcity is ending. Instead of the shortage of goods which necessitated wartime controls, there is now a shortage of markets, and within the next five years we may well be faced with the first post-war depression. Labour Britain cannot prevent a world slump; that is the job of the American Fair Dealers. But we can shield our people from its effects by rapidly developing our Socialist planned economy. If an American depression threatens to spread across the Atlantic, we shall ask for drastic Emergency Powers to prevent unemployment.

(5) The nationalisation of the main public utilities (including water) and the main basic industries (including steel) is essential to full employment. The present organisation of the nationalised industries is by no means perfect; and in the next five years we shall make drastic changes in them in order to decrease costs and increase industrial democracy. We shall also extend popular control of them through Parliament. Meanwhile, we shall not nationalise any more industries without a further mandate. But we shall (a) experiment with competitive public enterprise, (b) encourage the enlargement of municipal enterprise, and (c) work closely with the Co-operative Movement, in an all-out effort to break monopolies and reduce prices.

(6) In order to ensure Fair Shares and shield ourselves from world depression we must, in addition to our nationalisation measures, retain permanent control of imports, exports, exchange, building and the development of industry. We must have permanent price-controls and a permanent Ministry of Food to develop and improve bulk purchase and to regulate the food subsidies so that they are of benefit to the poorer section of the community. In all cases, however, the restrictive wartime machinery of control, which we took over in 1945, will have to be drastically reconstructed to serve our expansionist Socialist economy.

(7) To build the Welfare State we must accept as normal a situation in which the Government spends 40 per cent. of the national income. Economies in Government expenditure and increased revenue owing to increased productivity will be used mainly to decrease indirect taxation and assist the family man. Heavy taxation of the better-off is a piece of social justice without which it is impossible to move towards that genuine equality of opportunity which is the real meaning of democracy.

(8) Full employment cannot be sustained without a national profits and wages policy. Under Socialism, wage increases and dividend distribution cannot be left to the chances of a "free-for-all." The "wage freeze" was a successful makeshift but it was not just to the lower-paid workers. In our next term of office we shall work out a national wages and profits policy in consultation with both sides of industry.

(9) Apart from full employment, good housing and good health are the two biggest contributions which the State can make to family happiness. Whatever else may have to be cut in the troubled years that lie ahead, they will remain our top priorities. For this reason we have decided to rescind the cuts in the housing programme and drastically to reduce inessential building and repair work. If world conditions degenerate, and if the Americans work out no successor to Marshall Aid, we shall not be able to build the houses as fast as we should like or to develop the Health Service beyond its present level. But, whatever happens, we shall ensure that, in regard to health and housing, wealth will get no advantages and fair shares will be rigidly applied.

(10) In our next term of office we shall begin to apply the same principle to education by making a determined attack on educational privilege. Our aim will be to open all "quality" education, including the Public Schools, to competitive public examination and to ensure that no child is excluded by poverty.

I am well aware that these ten points are quite unoriginal. But I believe that they say more about the real purposes of a Socialist Government than the last election Manifesto. At least they tell the independent voter and the middle classes the real issues on which they have to make up their minds. If a majority voted "No," it would only mean that another dose of Toryism is a necessary part of the Socialist education of Britain. If so, let us get it over quickly. But my own view is that by stating the issue candidly, in terms of principle, we should get the majority we need.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

POETRY AND PASSION

Wordsworth, as every poet knows,
Thought poetry "impassioned prose";
But now austerity's the fashion:
Our bards still prose, but cut the passion.

ALLAN M. LAING

London Diary

ANY public interest there may be in the decision of two Liberal peers to call themselves Conservatives lies in the question whether these are two swallows heralding a summer marriage of convenience or whether they are merely a pair of transitory migrants. I doubt if Lord Rennell has ever been more than an accidental Liberal. Lord Reading, on the other hand, has only been provoked into leaving the party by its fantastic policy in the last election. The pressure upon all prominent Liberals to come to an agreement with the Tories—whether or not they persuade them to promise any sort of "electoral reform"—is now becoming very great. If it succeeds, the result in such areas as Lancashire might be to produce an anti-Socialist majority. But Lord Samuel may not wish to go the way of Lord Simon. And Lady Megan's political virtue is certainly not all that easy.

* * *

The Note which Mr. Acheson has sent to Moscow on the shooting down of the Privateer is severe enough to satisfy American public opinion; but it is in no sense an ultimatum. It will probably be the beginning of long and tortuous negotiations, and—to judge by our own experience when a British Viking over Gatow airport was buzzed by a Russian fighter—it will be a very long time before any compensation is paid. If the U.S.A. gets too impatient, Mr. Acheson can always break off diplomatic relations. Those who decry as appeasement the idea of trying to negotiate a peace settlement would, I suppose, be content to see this happen. But who gains? If you are neither prepared to go to war nor ready to negotiate peace, the logical end of your policy must be a diplomatic divorce with all its attendant disadvantages—including the shooting-down of your aeroplanes without compensation.

* * *

The career of Charlie Binaggio, who was murdered last week in Kansas City, reads like an extract from Lincoln Steffens' *Shame of the Cities*. Binaggio was a gangster who had seized control of part of the Democratic machine in Missouri—he claimed he had thirty thousand votes and forty State legislators in his pocket—and was using his political power to protect his criminal activities and his gangsters to back up his political ambitions. Recently, he had run into the difficulties that face all political bosses if they fail to pay off. In Kansas City, he was fighting the son of Tom Pendergast for control of the machine—and that meant the party nationally was against him, for President Truman served his political apprenticeship under Pendergast, and personal loyalty is the first rule of machine politics.

Binaggio had collected more than $100,000 from the underworld to elect Governor Smith on the understanding that Kansas City would become an open city for the racketeers, though a stranger walking through Kansas City may be pardoned for thinking it already "wide open." Binaggio's murder showed that he had failed to keep his promises—or at least enough of them to keep the boys in line. Occasionally, the lid comes off a scandal of this sort. All Americans

know that machine politics in many of their big cities are riddled with racketeers, corrupt union bosses and gambling syndicates. City Hall runs the police and other enforcement agencies; this means that protection can be bought by those with money to pay for it. Once the pattern turned on the big public utility "steals," then, in order, came prostitution, bootlegging and now gambling. Sometimes the last three are combined. Once it was Irish rings that dominated. Now the Irish have moved up the scale and the Italian gangs take over. There is good reason for Senator Kefauver's demand for a federal inquiry into the nation-wide gambling empire, which is in politics all the way from New York to Los Angeles.

* * *

Propaganda dominates everything, especially behind the Iron Curtain. As stories go, however, I am less sceptical than usual about the affidavit of Michael Shipkov, now published by U.S. Information Service. It is not the testimony of a strong and pugnacious fellow who is reduced to subservience by the extremity of torture. Why my friend Arthur Cummings in the *News Chronicle* should speak of it as the "most terrible story" he has read "since the peak of the Hitler regime," I just cannot imagine. I have read scores of far more horrifying stories of pain and cruelty. Indeed, the story is convincing just because it describes, in the sort of language one would expect in the circumstances, the complete breakdown produced by an old, but ingenious, system of continuous questioning, carried out while the prisoner is forced to maintain an increasingly painful stance by which the weight of the body on tip-toes is thrown on two fingers pressed against a wall. (I'm told this method of third degree was invented by the American police.) Shipkov all the way through makes it clear that the real reason for his breakdown was not so much the degree of pain inflicted as the sense of utter helplessness and hopelessness. If he held out, his tormentors could, after all, go on, not for 32, but for 320 hours. That is why this type of torture, which leaves the victim fully able to reason and to realise his helplessness, is more likely to be effective than savage beatings with clubs or burnings with cigarette ends. One of my best friends, who was submitted to electric torture by the Japanese, explained this to me when he said that the effect of violent physical torture on him was to make him so furiously angry that it never even entered his head to give in.

* * *

"These children are in heaven," said the Greek woman at my side. And it was so. There were about twenty of them, playing in a Surrey garden with a big untidy lawn merging into a pine wood. They were Greek children chosen, as far as I can gather, without any political discrimination, from the immense number of homeless orphans. Many have lost limbs. All of them had arms and legs like match-stalks; none seemed to have ever before had a square meal or learnt to play or been free from fear or felt happy and cared-for. Some of them had watched their fathers shot or tortured; one of them had helped to reassemble her father's body for burial. (Unimportant to ask which side did these things because both sides have done them on a large scale in Greece.) Watching them, you knew that they were not merely happy, but in a wondering ecstasy of happiness. If the International Help for Children that had brought them over here is now getting a chance to grow and receiving some deserved publicity, it is not due so much to its initiative in organising for relays of such war victims to come here, as to its success with the really spectacular case of Angeliki about whom I wrote some weeks ago. Deaf, dumb and blind she offers patience and ingenuity, exactly the same test that made Helen Keller a world figure. The job of making contact with Angeliki's mind, of associating ideas and even words with objects through her sense of touch, has already been begun and I hear that Dr. Keller has offered to take over the education of Angeliki in one of the best deaf-blind schools in the United States.

* * *

A famous Fleet Street editor writes to dispute my remark that the newspapers "dislike Attlee and grudge him publicity." He adds that most journalists are "respectful of Attlee" and "like him very much and get on extremely well with him. They appreciate that it is not dislike of the newspapers which makes Attlee appear aloof, but his own modesty—and they like him all the better for that." This is a fair amendment to my comment. But I was not speaking primarily of the Premier's personal relations with individual journalists but, first, of the fact that he detests the whole business of commercial journalism and holds the same views of some proprietors that Mr. Baldwin expressed in a memorable speech, and secondly, that partly because of his modesty, partly because of his lack of glamour, and partly because of his politics, he has never been accorded his proper meed of personal publicity.

* * *

A fortnight ago I referred to the concert being given by Miss Lisa Lee and other artists of the Players' Theatre and their friends to raise money for the hospital at Bathlaros. The idea, it will be remembered, came from an anonymous article called "The Miracle of Bathlaros" which appeared in this paper on Dec. 17th, 1949. Few articles have excited a more immediate response. First, a sum of £550 was anonymously given to help the hospital by one or two readers. Then, last Sunday night, the Players raised over £220 and I hear rumours of further voluntary concerts to follow. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, through which the money has gone to Bathlaros, seems a little surprised to receive so much practical sympathy from readers of a newspaper which is not usually suspected of piety. The concert itself on Sunday night was a very fine affair, spontaneous, gay and highly professional.

* * *

Would you lend your car to an undergraduate? Or a bookmaker? I suppose you might if you knew them well, and might not if you knew them better; but you would certainly hesitate if you didn't know them at all. So you can hardly cavil at some of the occupational exclusions in a motor insurance proposal form I saw the other day. Issued by a firm that lets cars on hire without drivers, this document, to be completed by would-be hirers, concludes with the declaration that "I am not among the excluded persons enumerated on the back hereof." Some of the exclusions on the back are self-explanatory, others rather mystifying. I can understand Log and Firewood Merchants, because their stock-in trade has protruding nails. Street and Market Traders, perhaps; nice upholstery resents use by tortoises, greyhounds, and day-old chicks, to say nothing of heavy Victorian commodes and brass fenders. Even Ice-cream Merchants might allow their customers to stand on the running-boards and wipe the choc-ice from their fingers on to the panelling. Persons in the Gown, Mantle, or Fur Trade have a way of fitting a brass rail in a car to carry their samples on coat-hangers. But "Jockeys and persons connected with Racing of any sort"? And Publicans? And "Actors or Actresses, Music Hall Artists, Dance Band Leaders, Theatre and Cinema Proprietors, Film Producers or Artists or the Like"? What do these get up to in cars that is unfavourably reflected in the insurance statistics? And above all, "Foreigners"? These are excluded without discrimination. They must be a reckless, undesirable lot; and knowing, as we do, that insurance companies base all their animadversions on cold statistics, perhaps we need waste no sympathy on foreigners. They don't even know the Rule of the Road, and they start with the dangerous handicap of not being British.

CRITIC

BUDGET BEER

The Budget blows increase the woes
Of all who feared the worst
But plans mature to help the brewer
To slake the nation's thirst.
None now need shrink from stronger drink,
We'll booze with conscience clear,
And celebrate the Budget date
In better British beer.

Those thrice-taxed drops of malt and hops
State benefits sustain,
The stream would dry if you and I
Should totally abstain—
The patriot will toss the pot
For Inland Revenue,
For we pay the bill with each glass we fill
With the bubbling Budget brew.

Quaff ale and stout the State pours out
As deeply as you can;
It helps the trade, it helps State-aid,
It helps your fellow-man.
If the tax of Cripps cuts motor trips
By making petrol dear,
He must win from the bars what is lost on the cars,
By a boom in Budget beer.

So the bowl we'll brim, for on beer we swim,
Or teetotally we sink;
The beer too weak, though beer we seek,
Has kept us off the drink.
But now we may since Budget day
A new incentive hail,
And taxpayers all should loudly call
For nut-brown Treasury ale.

So the froth we'll blow, and say Cheer-O
To the drinking drive's success,
For the pint we take for Britain's sake
Brings a land of happiness.
That land, some say, is far away,
But no—that land is here
When you raise to your lips the gift of Cripps,
The tankard of Budget beer.

SAGITTARIUS

Open Letter to a Russian Colleague

DEAR ILYA EHRENBURG,

I have just read a translation of your Open Letter to writers of the West. Several paragraphs are addressed personally to me, and in these you reproach me for not having attended your "Congress of Peace" in Paris. You suggest that I am evading my responsibilities to my readers, and that I ought to join with you in your appeal to "halt the evildoers." Do I not think, you ask, that "writers ought to come out against the war criminals before they have committed the crime, and thereby endeavour to avert this crime?"

Let me begin by declaring that although no doubt I am frequently lazy, timid, thoughtless, I do try hard not to evade my responsibilities. Moreover, having some imagination, I regard with the utmost horror the prospect of another World War, a vast idiotic conflict that might destroy for ever the good life we are all trying to create in Britain. I love my country as dearly as you love yours. And this is worth mentioning because some Russian writers seem unable to understand that this deep-seated love of one's own land and its people is not peculiar to Russians but also exists elsewhere.

When I consider other countries and peoples, I think with particular affection of Russia and the Russians. And it may surprise you to learn that this attitude of mind is very common among travelled persons in the West. As a people, a nation as distinct from a political system, you are very popular indeed; and we are all anxious to see more of you. But I must add that your government makes it very difficult for us to do this, as I know myself and must have heard a hundred times from well-meaning folk in Western Europe who had no desire but to be friendly with you.

Although it is true I soon weary of conferences and congresses (being impatient and disliking long orations), it is not true, as you appear to suggest, that I have made no effort to further international understanding. In addition to writing many articles and making many speeches and radio talks to this end, I spent two years or more doing what I could to support the nobly promising Unesco idea. But you Russians would not even join Unesco, and so with one stroke cut off hundreds of millions of people from its influence. I presided at two International Theatre conferences, but in spite of our repeated and urgent invitations no delegates came from Russia. Which meant that the people who do not like you at once cried "I told you so."

When I was in Moscow in 1945—and I much regret your absence then which prevented our meeting—I pleaded with VOKS and representatives of your Writers' Union for better arrangements for dealing with the work of foreign writers in the Soviet Union. I was assured then that a special bureau was to be set up. Was this done, and if so, what has it achieved since 1945? In this Open Letter you now propose, very sensibly in my view, that any difference in social, political and aesthetic views should be ignored. But it is not long since you and your colleagues were subjecting Western writers to a constant torrent of abuse that, making every allowance for ambiguities of translation, was wild and ill-mannered. In October you are all as remote as Tibetan lamas, thundering against our decadence from some inaccessible height. In April you are coming out into the open, telling us not to be so aloof. What does it all mean? The cynics here tell us that these wildly varying attitudes depend entirely upon the immediate policy of the Politbureau. I do not know, being just a simple writer but still enjoying the privilege of writing what I please, without reference to the Foreign Office, the Home Office, the Secret Service.

There are some simple folk here who have been heard to declare that my wife and I are not only Communists but also in the pay of Russia. This shows that all is not well here because, of course, all that we have done is to be fair and friendly towards your country and at times to denounce statements about Russian life that we knew to be false. But what about you, who reproach me for not working as hard as you do to create an international understanding and thus prevent another war? How many people within fifty miles of your *dacha* declare that you are Bourgeois Liberal and probably in the pay of Britain? How many propaganda lies about Britain—and there have been plenty of them—have you ever openly denounced? If you do not know that these statements about us are false, then it is high time you came over here and saw for yourself what our life is like. If you know that they are false and will not or cannot denounce them, then clearly something is wrong.

"I cannot evade responsibility to my readers," you say, "and though I too am tired, I appeal to you." All right, we are all tired. But now let me appeal to you. If you mean what you say, that we should all get together, ignoring our social and political differences; if you are not writing propaganda bosh but sincerely believe, as you state, that these World Peace Congresses do not "conceal a political intrigue"; then organise a congress, or edit a book, in which Russian writers will be as frankly critical of their government as some of us Western writers will be frankly critical of ours. Let me read or hear you and your colleagues openly denouncing the size and power of the Red Army, the creation of a huge submarine fleet, the work on the bombs and the rockets and other horrors, the building up of a large armed police force in Eastern Germany, the rigid barriers between East and West, and the heaping up of mountains of lying propaganda between hundreds of millions of decent folk who only want to live in peace. Denounce, as I am prepared to do, the endless mischievous intriguing, the persistence of policies that must lead to disaster, the antics of men dizzy with power, the fanatical attempt to compel at any cost other people to abandon their way of life for yours. There lies the responsibility of the true writer, who in this and any other age has always seen that too much power in too few hands has been the enemy of human happiness. Challenge all that—and do not fob me off with the old stuff about true democracy and the dictatorship of the proletariat and Marx said and Lenin said and Stalin says—and I will try to make my voice as loud as yours.

One last word, as clear and candid as I can make it. I agree with you in thinking that the Soviet Union does not want war, and I am certain that your people—bless them—are horrified at the thought of it. But it is not obvious to me that your leaders genuinely desire what is the opposite of war, a real peace, a world community of people living their own life without constant interference from other peoples, all open and friendly, enjoying what each can contribute to a world civilisation. Or, alternatively, they are not free from the hysterical fear that is now so common in America. The nations seem to be going round and round in the dark, like idiot children, frightening each other. Meanwhile there are world problems, such as those of food and population, demanding to be solved, and all we can do is to pile up armaments, invent filthier ways of destroying each other, and spew out more and more propaganda in the place of an honest exchange of knowledge and ideas. For this the Kremlin must take its share of responsibility. And it is still not too late to put an end to this nightmare. But it cannot be done by writers holding World Peace Congresses. It can only be done when men in power—and the more absolute the power, the greater their responsibility—regard this world as a home and not as a potential battlefield. I will do what I can in London if you will begin to attempt something in Moscow. We can make a modest start by avoiding hate, fanaticism, intolerance, and by preferring truth to propaganda. I share your "concern for civilisation." We writers will serve it best by writing nothing that feeds the bitter barbarism in this world, which I hope will last long enough for us to meet.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the First entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Cup Final ticket wanted, cash, or miniature life-like nude rubber doll of Phyllis Dixey, the music hall artist, in exchange.—Advt. in *Exchange & Mart*. (W. E. Evans).

When he had been raising rents on estates under his management he had put it to the tenant that it was for the tenant's good that he should pay an increased rent. Strangely enough, tenants were very slow to agree to this, but personally he believed that it was a fact.—Speech reported in *Journal* of Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors. (R. W. Roberts).

If a dominion is to be evolved the first need will be capable leadership. The West Indies if they combine, as will be seen this summer, can produce between them a first-class cricket team. They should be capable with experience, of producing a first-class commonwealth cabinet.—*The Times*. (H. L. Feuchtwanger).

"Another Chartered Accountant" would do well to bear in mind that the floor of the Stock Exchange is the only place in the world where it is possible to sell a man something he does not want or buy from him something he does not possess—a privilege never appreciated by the outside public.—Letter in *Financial Times*. (J. V. Harley.)

So They Say . . .

FIRST, the main Budget headlines. *The Times* graded them carefully: CUT IN LOWER RATES OF INCOME TAX; PETROL PRICE UP, RATION DOUBLED; the *Manchester Guardian* linked them: PETROL TO PAY FOR TAX CUTS; and the *Daily Telegraph* reversed them: PETROL NINEPENCE UP, RATION DOUBLED; INCOME TAX REVISED TO AID OVERTIME.

The popular dailies, however, tried to liven them up. *Daily Mail:* 9d. ON THE GALLON, BUT NOTHING OFF THE PINT. *News Chronicle:* PETER-AND-PAUL CRIPPS. *Daily Mirror:* SMALL TAX CUT—9d. ON PETROL. The *Daily Graphic* was grim (BLEAK HOUSE AGAIN), the *Daily Worker* virtuously indignant (MEAN BUDGET HITS LOWER PAID—BUT RICH MAN SAVES £1,084 ON HIS ROLLS), the *Daily Herald* sunnily optimistic (OVERTIME PAYS BETTER—BEER TASTES BETTER), and the *Daily Express* reached back with a now almost unrecognisable echo of L.G.: NINEPENCE FOR 4s. 4d.

The political and parliamentary correspondents gave the appearance of having had to work hard for their space. The *News Chronicle* had a headline: BUDGET MAY MEAN CONFIDENCE VOTE, and the *Daily Graphic* added hopefully that IT COULD COST GOVERNMENT AN ELECTION. The *Graphic* industrial correspondent ominously quoted "responsible trade union leaders" as saying that the tax concessions cannot stop "the collapse of the Government's wage restraint policy," the *Express* said CRIPPS ANGERS £1 MEN, and the *Manchester Guardian* had no doubt that it was NOT A "WORKER'S" BUDGET. But the *News Chronicle* had a headline UNION CHIEFS RELIEVED. The *Daily Herald* had no union reaction—but BOSSES SAY, WE REGRET.

The Times Parliamentary correspondent found that "most . . . Government supporters had expected . . . more," while the *Telegraph* reported that "Socialists appear to have expected nothing." The *Telegraph* observer found Cripps a "schoolmaster . . . tedious and uninspiring." The *Daily Mail* gave its debate report an extraordinary headline, 5.25 BEFORE HE MENTIONED BEER, while the *Guardian* correspondent found the speech too long, and sympathetically noted that "one or two members dropped into sleep."

The editorials were a little more lively, but not the "responsible" ones. *The Times* brooded over a "bleak and barren budgetary scene," finding nothing whatever to praise—and didn't even mention housing. The *Telegraph*, however, called this the "only positive virtue" in a Budget "wholly inadequate." The *Guardian* unhappily noted that the "relaxation is smaller than had been urged on Sir Stafford from many sides. But it goes dangerously far."

The *Daily Mail* joyously thundered that it was A BLUDGEON BUDGET, and indignantly protested that the "monstrous increase in [petrol] tax . . . is a blow not merely at the middle classes but at thousands of workers [with] motor cycles." The *Chronicle*, under the heading SMALL BEER, unfavourably compared the gravity of the situation with the gravity of beer. The *Graphic* editorial was tortuously elaborated with frigid metaphors such as "the Great Freeze," "frozen finance," "iron frost," and Sir Stafford's "icy fingers."

The *Daily Express*, however, rose above itself and supplied the most generous comment of all, pointing out that there should be "no grudging of praise to the Government for its share" in Britain's "magnificent" recovery.

AUTOLYCUS

Kurdistan

(By a correspondent)

THE Kurdish leader, Mulla Mustapha Barzani, was recently given an hour on the Baku radio as guest speaker. He called for the unity of Kurdistan and stated that the day of liberation was closer at hand than people generally believed. Among the emigrés who have taken refuge in the Soviet Union, General Barzani has unique prestige. He is revered by his people as the man who, in August, 1945, defeated the Iraqi troops sent against him. He retreated, so they say, to Mahabad, in Persia—capital of the so-called Free Kurdish Republic headed by Qazi Mehemet—only after British warplanes had come to the rescue of the hard-pressed Iraqis. In December, 1946, following the collapse of the Mahabad regime, he crossed into Soviet Azerbaijan with 5,000 men. Qazi Mehemet and the members of his government were condemned to death by a Persian court martial and executed in March, 1947.

These events are worth recalling if one is to understand the nature of the Russian-sponsored Kurdish movement. Clearly, there is a significant difference between General Barzani and such a nationalist leader as Ho Chi Minh, trained in Moscow and a life-long revolutionary. It is safe to say that General Barzani and his followers care little for Communist dialectics, the class struggle or Mother Russia. And yet, in defiance of tradition and natural affinities, an alliance of expediency, if not of the heart, appears to have been consummated between the Soviet Union and an important fraction of Kurdish nationalism.

Two Soviet radio stations, one in Baku and the other in Erivan, are now broadcasting daily programmes in the Kurdish language. Russian propaganda for Kurdish consumption, both written and spoken, endlessly depicts the "radiant life" led by 45,000 Kurds in Soviet territory, most of them in Soviet Armenia. "The U.S.S.R. has become the true fatherland of all Kurds," said a recent message; "in the land of the Soviets, the Kurdish worker, farmer and intellectual peacefully and joyfully accomplishes his daily task." By contrast, "rapacious Anglo-American imperialists" and local reactionaries are blamed for the persecution of Kurds in Turkey, Iraq and Persia.

The refrain is familiar. But how to counter this propaganda? Even the most sanguine of non-Communist Kurdish leaders in exile reacted with scorn to the innovation of Kurdish-language broadcasts over the Teheran radio following a recent agreement between the Persian Government and the Voice of America. "We wonder what the Persian Government can say in justification of its policy of abuse, crime and tyranny," commented the *Bulletin du Centre d'Etudes Kurdes*, published in Paris. Words of kindness or descriptions of the good life in America are not, it is thought, likely to insure the devotion of a people persecuted by governments receiving American aid.

One helpful move would be to have the Kurdish case at last broached in the councils of the West. For many years, the Kurds have been the victims of a conspiracy of silence—the fruit, perhaps, of a sense of shame on the part of nations who promised independence for the Kurds in the Treaty of Sèvres, but washed their hands of the matter when, four years later, Kurdistan was partitioned by creatures of their own making. Ever since Uno was formed in San Francisco, the Kurds have been knocking at the door. From 1945 to the present, fifteen communications have been addressed to the United Nations and to the Great Powers by representatives of the Kurdish people. On November 29, 1948, a Kurdish delegation headed by Sherif Pasha, who already had represented the Kurds at the Peace Conference in 1919, attempted to present a memorandum to Mr. Trygve Lie for transmission to the General Assembly. Basing Kurdish claims on the United Nations Charter as it applies to the rights of non-autonomous territories, the memorandum charged that the Kurds were being subjected to a policy of "systematic extermination." The delegation was advised that only a member State could submit such a memorandum to the General Assembly on behalf of the Kurds.

Convinced that the influence of the United States is vital in any decisions taken with regard to the Middle East, the Emir Dr. Kamuran Aali Bédir-Khan, director of the Centre for Kurdish Studies in Paris, went to Washington last autumn to put the Kurdish case before the State Department. On his return, he reported that one official had explained the failure of the United States to act by remarking that few Americans even knew where Kurdistan was. "In our view," Dr. Bédir-Khan said, "the United States cannot successfully promote a double standard of liberty, differing according to whether a country is behind the iron curtain or outside the Russian orbit. Turkey, for instance, has received massive aid from the United States. We hold that before extending economic or military aid to the Middle Eastern countries the American Government should ask to examine their bill of political health."

The non-Communist Kurdish leaders insist that poverty, ignorance, corruption and arbitrary rule—and not the Russians—account in fact for the unrest in vast areas of the Middle East, and that the cry of "Communism" is a subterfuge of frightened, unrepresentative governments. But every day these leaders are reminded of the long record of unheeded representations, and are asked: "What have you obtained from the West?" The time must come, they say, in the history of a persecuted people, when help will be accepted from whoever proffers it—as witness the broadcasts of Mulla Mustapha Barzani.

The Professors and the Lakes

THE professors are closing in on Grasmere. But the professors of English Literature who gather this week-end to observe the centenary of Wordsworth's death will not be the only professors in the Lakes; nor the only ones to feel that they are treading holy ground. The other professors will mostly be over the hills from Grasmere—in farms and inns up Borrowdale and Langdale, in Wasdale and Buttermere. They, too, can celebrate centenaries. There was a spirited ceremony in 1926 up Ennerdale: the occasion was the 100th anniversary of the first ascent of Pillar. For these other devotees are the climbing and walking professors, drawn from all universities and all subjects. What Dove Cottage and Rydal Mount are for the Wordsworthians, Gable and Gimmer are for those disciples: to them, Moss Ghyll and Eagle's Nest are names as evocative as, to the others, Far Easedale and Dora's Field. They too have their patient scholars, their researchers. During the years when Professor de Selincourt worked in Grasmere on his monumental edition of Wordsworth, Professor Graham Brown was discovering and charting all the possible climbs up Boat Howe Crag. Where Wordsworth broods over Grasmere, their tutelary geniuses are W. P. Haskett-Smith, who first climbed the Needle in 1886—and celebrated his, and its, Jubilee by climbing it again in 1936—and Owen Glynne-Jones, that superb rock-climber whose photograph presides over the climbers and cruets in the dining room of the Wastwater Hotel.

It is, of course, not only professors who will be walking over High White Stones these holidays, sweating up Rossett Ghyll, shivering on Esk Hause or making a neat descent of the Arrowhead Ridge. There will also be K.C.'s and F.R.S.'s, droves of schoolmasters, architects, surgeons, Civil Servants. In no other district are headmasters so thick on the ground in holiday time; and if all the bishops who climb to the top of Helvellyn and Fairfield were placed end to end, they would stretch from the Thirty-Nine Articles to the Athanasian Creed.

It is a fascinating phenomenon, and one hardly paralleled in any other country, this hold of the Lake District upon our professional classes. Like so many other strands in the life of these classes, it can be traced back to Dr. Thomas Arnold—himself, indeed, a Professor, for it was at his holiday home near Rydal that he received the offer of the Oxford Regius Chair of History. Arnold bought Fox How in 1832, brought his family there twice a year between the strenuous Rugby "halves," filled the house with his sons' friends and his own senior boys—especially overworked Sixth Formers—and took them on tremendous, high-spirited walks over the fells. When Matthew Arnold wrote his father's elegy in *Rugby Chapel*, he pictured him in terms of the leader who has safely brought his party through the dangers of a mountain storm.

In due course Arnold's Rugby guests became Fellows and professors, bishops, administrators, and headmasters themselves: many of them came back to the Lakes all their lives, carrying on the tradition of mountain walks and moral strenuousness. It was mainly from these classes that the Alpine pioneers were drawn; and many of the British climbers who did so much to open up the High Alps in the second half of the century—men like Leslie Stephen, the Buxtons, Walkers and Pilkingtons—were also Lake District devotees. They had gone there first on school holidays, on reading parties, on vacation walking tours. They returned later to put into practice the technique they had learnt in the Oberland or Valais, cut steps up the icy gullies of Great End, and made routes up the face of Scafell Pinnacle, where one pitch indeed is called the Professor's Chimney, after its pioneer John Hopkinson the electrical engineer. From men like these the line of descent runs very plain to the climbing professors of to-day, and to institutions like the Trinity Lake Hunt, on which during a week in summer dons and undergraduates conduct a heroic man-hunt on the fells above Borrowdale.

Arnold, however, had a conscience about his mountain holidays. "Really, in these troublous times," he wrote, "it seems more than is allowable to be living, as we are here, in a place of so much rest and beauty." The holidays could only be justified as ease after labour, as stimulus to further labour. Wordsworth had no scruples about living in Grasmere all the year round; for Arnold such happiness would have been self-indulgence, a shirking of the real work of life. Arnold, too, was a radical in politics: Grasmere people still remember his names for the old road over White Moss, the newer middle road ("broad, but imperfect"), and the turnpike by the side of the lake: Old Corruption, Bit-by-Bit Reform, Radical Reform. And one of the things that drew him to the district was its freedom from feudal associations, its long tradition of independent "statesmen." His liberal sympathies, and his moral strenuousness, can certainly be traced in the Arnold, as contrasted with the Wordsworth, tradition of the Lakes. The founders of the National Trust, for instance, whose earliest properties were in the Lakes, were Octavia Hill who went there for rest and refreshment from her work in the slums of Marylebone, and Canon Rawnsley, the fiery and generous Vicar of Crosthwaite, who crusaded for access to the lakes and fells.

The founders of the Trinity Lake Hunt were G. M. Trevelyan—himself connected by marriage with the Arnolds—and Geoffrey Winthrop Young. G. M. Trevelyan helped to launch the youth hostels in this country, and has been a pillar of the National Trust. And Geoffrey Young, more than any other single person, has been responsible for demonstrating that mountaineering, and holidays in mountain country, need not be the preserve of the professional classes: he has been the inspirer of schemes whereby young men and women from mills and offices and factories can be given a chance to find their mountain legs as well as any undergraduate or public schoolboy.

No graphs can show exactly these connections between fell walks and public services, between liberal principles and the Crescent Climb on Pavey Ark. Nor, of course, do they operate in every individual fell walker or rock climber. But these connections do exist, and the people who have taken most enjoyment from the Lake hills have given back richly to the community—in their work as teachers or public servants, in the opportunities they have offered to the less fortunate, in heightened sensibilities. Heightened sensibilities: but with this we come full circle back to Wordsworth. For of course Arnold's feeling for the Lakes derived largely from Wordsworth, and the mountains he climbed with his parties of schoolboys had been seen through Wordsworth's eyes: they were passions and presences, as well as fells to be crossed. It would be attractive, but fallacious, to contrast the active Arnoldian with the passive Wordsworthian. Wordsworth himself was as active as many a member of the Fell and Rock Club; to follow him and his sister on one of their mountain-walks—say from Grasmere to Keswick, then by Cockley Beck and Matterdale to Pooley Bridge—and to do it in their weather, is to gain a new respect for the poet's lungs and legs. So while some professors are honouring Wordsworth with eloquence down below, others may be as appropriately honouring him by exercise up above. The good Arnoldian can be the good Wordsworthian too.

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The War and the People

From the struggle of Athens with Sparta to the Thirty Years War, and from the latter to the last great upheaval before those of the present century, comments on the social consequences of war have not been lacking. But observers who recorded the fact of its impact on civilian populations rarely in the past possessed the materials or techniques, even if they had the wish, to measure the dimensions of the disturbance caused by it. We feel, as we read them, the confusion of the trampled ant-heap; but at the cost to countless lives of the blow descending on them, and the prophylactics, if any, applied by authority to limit or repair its ravages, we can hardly, in most cases, do more than guess. Mr. Titmus' *Problems of Social Policy*,* admirable in its combination of industry with critical power, assembles a mass of authoritative information which throws a flood of light on these and kindred topics. Nor is it only the war-time achievements and failures of British social policy which are illumined by it. Some of the specifics applied at the height of the crisis lost their significance when the fever had run its course; but others have retained it. Hence the book is a study, not merely of emergency expedients, but of a critical chapter in the growth of the so-called Welfare State. Sociology, like history, is a department of knowledge which requires that facts should be counted and weighed, but which, if it omits to make allowance for the imponderables, is unlikely to weigh or even count them right. Mr. Titmus is a humane scientist who does not succumb to the temptation to "measure the universe by rule and line." His subtlety and insight in interpreting his evidence are as impressive as the meticulous scrupulousness with which he has collected and sifted it.

The second world war was not a bolt from the blue, nor were some of its features unforeseen. Long before the establishment, in April, 1935, of the Air Raid Precautions Department, it was realised that air-attacks to disorganise the life and break the *morale* of large cities would play an important, and possibly a decisive, part in the enemy's offensive; but the evidence by which to judge the effects of the new technique was not too abundant. It is not surprising, therefore, that misconceptions should have existed as to the relative importance of the different consequences of mass bombing. Obviously it would cause both loss of life and material destruction. The first was over-stated. It was put by the Air Staff as 50–70 casualties per ton dropped, which produced, as the German air force grew in strength, a figure in the region of 600,000 killed and 1,200,000 wounded during sixty days, or over nine times the civilian deaths and five times the injuries in the whole six years 1939–45. The multitudinous problems of the social dislocation created by the second—homeless populations deprived of shelter, warmth, food, water, clothing and the decencies of existence—were greatly under-estimated.

A third miscalculation appears to a child of nature more surprising. The reaction of the lower deck to Nelson's famous signal that their country expected them to do their duty is reported, by a doubtless unveracious legend, to have been expressed in the words: "Does the old bitch think we shan't?" Needless to say, no phrase so coarse could have soiled the blameless lips of Ministers; but was it really necessary for a sub-committee of the Imperial Defence Committee to consider the prevention of "a disorderly general flight" by the expedient of throwing a police cordon round London? Where were these fools brought up, and what did they take us for? It should be added, in fairness to the politicians, that science was not slow to confirm their fears. The Ministry of Health was informed by the Mental Health Emergency Committee that sufferers from mental and nervous disorders would, in the event of war, "increase to an extent never before experienced." A second group of experts warned it that psychiatric might exceed physical casualties by three to one, which, as Mr. Titmus drily remarks, would have meant, on the Government's estimate of killed and wounded, "some three to four million cases of acute panic, hysteria and other neurotic conditions during the first six months of air attack." The medical director of a well-known institution pronounced it "clear to everyone that there must be an immediate inundation with cases of neurosis on the declaration of war, and certainly after the first air raid."

Actually, the author observes, "up to the end of 1948, no evidence was forthcoming to suggest any dramatic increase in neurotic illnesses or mental disorders in Britain during the war. The air raids of 1940–1 did not lead to a rise in the number of patients with such illnesses attending hospitals and clinics; in fact, there was a decrease. There was no indication of an increase in insanity; the number of suicides fell; the statistics of drunkenness went down by more than one half; there was much less disorderly behaviour in the streets and public places." His question, "were not the experts perhaps too remote from the ordinary people of Great Britain, who in dangerous times of the past had usually shown no lack of defiance and steadfastness?" appears, in the light of the facts presented by him, to hit some nails on the head. It is a pity that he cannot hit some heads as well.

The energumen who sets the stage for Mr. Titmus is, of course, the *Luftwaffe*. The three leading characters in his drama—evacuation, help for the victims of air attacks, and the hospital service—dance to the unmelodious pipings of that presiding demon. The first was not, it seems, the blow in water that is sometimes suggested. Like deep shelters to those who preferred to sleep or lie awake at home, evacuation served as a safety-valve. In the author's phrase, it "had the function of shock-absorption." The disparity between the preparations made and the advantage taken by the public of them remains, nevertheless, surprising. Transport and billets for

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3,500,000 persons used, in the first weeks of the war, by less than 1,500,000; the return of two-thirds of the latter, including nine-tenths of the mothers with children, in under five months; the small scale, after mass bombing had begun, of the subsequent migrations—these and similar paradoxes had not been foreseen. They offer food for reflection.

Tolstoi somewhere remarks that the much-discussed burning of Moscow in 1812 needs no explanation. It was merely what happens of itself when a city is deserted. Somewhat the same might, perhaps, be said of the fate of the official evacuation schemes. There were the innumerable individual difficulties, uncertainties, doubts, fears, disappointments and grievances inseparable from the uprooting and replanting of a population less numerous, indeed, than anticipated, but not much smaller than that of New Zealand. There were the effects produced—in English conditions, inevitably produced—when two contrasted cultures were suddenly forced into intimate contact with each other. To many Parisians evacuation would have meant no more than returning home; to many Londoners it appeared a sentence of exile. There was the fact that the authorities, naturally and properly, had thought, in the first place, in terms of safety, not of welfare. They arranged and executed, with admirable efficiency, the intricate job of transporting a million and a half children and mothers to regions out of danger. It was not till later that adequate attention was devoted to the establishment in the reception areas of the conditions required in order that both might live happily in them.

Mr. Titmus gives due weight to these and other influences; but, in speaking of the reluctance to abandon London and of the tenacity shown under the strains involved in clinging to it, he lays his heaviest emphasis on a more positive factor. A rhyme too rude to quote pays tribute to three creatures who, "the more they're beaten, the better they be." A fourth, which might be added to them, is the institution of the family. Like religion, the family is an aspect of life whose deceitful quiescence in tranquil times cajoles successive generations of bright intellects into pæans or dirges on its supposed demise, but which revives, when hit, like a watered flower. If the blows are sufficiently violent, it displays, to the confusion of the prophets, an almost blood-thirsty vitality.

It is here, in the solidarity of the family, that Mr. Titmus finds one secret both of the early collapse of the first evacuation scheme and of the social cohesion behind resistance. In settled societies, the family has local roots; and few who observed their neighbours in the autumn of 1940 could fail to be struck by the power which such associations supplied. To some of those who knew the other kind of war the humdrum, commonplace routine of London existence, with the sole exhilaration that was supplied, after the feeble rejoinders of the first few nights, by the slowly swelling voice of one's own guns behind one, seemed at first the wrong atmosphere to fight in. They were mistaken. In reality, the unbroken contact with familiar things and faces, in an environment charged with a life-time of memories, was a source of inner peace and strength. It preserved intact a thread of spiritual continuity which, but for it, might have snapped. The tranquillity of an aged couple fetched from their blazing house and intent for the next hour on consoling their absurd little dog, who was pardonably dismayed by the racket around him, or the exasperating pertinacity of a prepossessing, but pig-headed, young woman, who insisted on returning along not too healthy streets on the chance of retrieving her rosary from the rubbish, are two examples out of thousands. Courage is admirable, not because it is rare, but because it is common. It reveals, being common, the true nature of man.

The self-arrested exodus meant the continued exposure to risks of injury from the air of four-fifths of the individuals at first expected to escape them. A second and more important factor aggravating the difficulties of civilian protection consisted in the unanticipated character of the provision which, as the war unfolded, was found to be required. The Government had expected to meet its gravest problems in the casualty clearing stations. It encountered them in the streets. It had insisted on the hospitals somehow making room for the victims of civilian bombing. It discovered that, for every person wounded, several hundred were rendered homeless, and that, while it was dealing with the minor issue by paying for thousands of unoccupied beds, the organisation for grappling with the major one remained to be created under heavy bombing, if not out of chaos, out of not much more than the rudiments of order.

To say that the result was a brief interlude of painful disorder, described by Mr. Titmus in some moving pages, is not a reflection on the authorities concerned. Every war has its own personality. The distinctive peculiarities of each of the monsters cannot fully be foreseen, but must be learned, like those of an individual, by observing over a period of time the proceedings which reveal them. No reader of Mr. Titmus' book can fail to be impressed by the wisdom, as well as by the zeal and energy shown by most of the Departments—in particular, perhaps, the Ministry of Health—which, though sadly cramped by antiquated precedents, managed the staff-work of the civilian front. The heroes of the air-war—a soldiers' battle—were the common people; but their officers, once they had grasped the unfamiliar realities, did not let them down too badly.

Apart from the tragic background hinted, though not laboured, in Mr. Titmus' book, the most striking feature revealed in his picture of civilian England at bay is that long ago epitomised in the oft-quoted observation that "war is a rough school-master." A government, when the struggle opens, cannot improvise a philosophy adequate to it. It acts on the assumptions as to social expediency accepted by it in peace, not because they are either edifying in themselves or appropriate to the emergency, but because it possesses nothing else to act on. Then temperatures rise, and the seeds beneath the snow begin to sprout. Criticisms ignored in the past are recalled; proposals long cold-shouldered acquire an unexpected relevance. Both bear some fruit. Thus the principles with which a society comes out of the furnace are rarely quite the same as those which it carried into it. Some of the innovations are, of course, discarded, once the ordeal is over. Others remain and grow.

The gradual, un-premeditated, emergence from a morass of obsolescent cant of new conceptions of the social contract is a recurrent theme of Mr. Titmus' pages. At first it lingered. The sanctity of the principles supposed to be embodied in the Poor Law had been for a century one of the darling superstitions of the plutocracy. In 1939, they still cast their spell. "It was inconceivable, according to this philosophy," writes the author, "that the accident of war, even with the bomber thrown in, would alter the fact that the poor would still be poor and fortunate still fortunate." Incredible though it seems, the task of arranging provision for the homeless, whose ranks were swollen nightly by the ministrations of the German air-force, began by being envisaged primarily as a problem of Poor Relief. It was the Public Assistance Authorities who on September 1, 1939, were first invited to organise "feeding-stations"—elegant phrase—and temporary shelters for homeless people. It was under the Poor Law Act of 1930 that the Authorities in question exercised such powers as they possessed to take the action required. It was from staffs engaged in Poor Law work that, at the start of what was to become a group of new services, the personnel to run them was

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largely drawn. The diet supplied in centres was based at first on that of casual wards. The venerable distinction between "natives" and "refugees" from the area of another Authority was maintained. Its effect in confounding worse the happily brief confusion can be imagined.

A society must build with the materials, intellectual and moral, as well as physical, which lie to its hand. These points are mentioned, not in any censorious spirit, which would obviously be out of place, but for a practical reason. They offer a base-line from which to measure the advance of the tide. The process by which, in less than a couple of years, London had created a system of services for the homeless—rest centres; resettlement; repair of houses; clothes and furniture; mobile canteens, and, not least, trained workers—of whose humanity and efficiency any city might be proud, is recorded at length by Mr. Titmus. That achievement—not the least of the glories which history should recall—is rendered the more impressive by the level from which the start was made.

The chapters on the development of the hospital service are equally instructive. The features of it first to strike the layman, though to the expert they are, doubtless, platitudes, are two. The first is the lack of knowledge of essential facts. The most effective utilisation of buildings, equipment and personnel required "a marshalling of the assets." It involved the possession by a central authority of full information as to the quantity and quality of hospital provision. Down to almost the eve of the war, if not, indeed longer, these indispensable data were still, it appears, to seek. The second feature emerging from Mr. Titmus' pages consists of the difficulties arising from the co-existence of what were in effect two separate systems, differing sharply, not only in their histories, but in finance, organisation and outlook, of which one, that represented by the municipal institutions, provided two-thirds of the beds, and the other, the voluntary hospitals, supplied the remainder. Much is said, not without justification, of the inconveniences of the dual system in education. The impression left on a reader of Mr. Titmus—though he himself says nothing so profane—is that, for good, hearty, stubborn, organised unreason, the hospitals left the churches standing.

Hospital accommodation was in short supply before the war. The problem, therefore, which confronted the Government was at once simple and insoluble. It was to meet the normal needs of the sick, while, at the same time, providing for war-injured civilians and wounded soldiers. The authorities did their best. They attempted to secure the 300,000 additional beds which, it was thought, would be required, by clearing patients from some existing hospitals; by crowding beds and adding extra ones; by improving many institutions by the supply of additional equipment; and by the erection of new accommodation in the shape of annexes. For the achievements of the medical emergency scheme—a triumph of bold and ingenious organisation—no praise can be too high. But the central enigma remained. In past wars the civilian could make room for the soldier. Now both were at risk, while the sick continued with us. The latter, of whom some 140,000 appear to have been sent home, while new cases—an ever-lengthening list—were denied admission, suffered severely. The voluntary hospitals, which had been disposed to refuse the chronic sick in peace, were even more reluctant to receive them in war. The public hospitals, being under a statutory obligation to accept all patients, could not take the same course. Hence a situation arose in which the former might have empty beds, while the latter were congested. The Ministry of Health, on its side, was unable to grapple with the resulting maldistribution of patients, resources and medical personnel by insisting on the extension of civilian work in voluntary hospitals. It could cut down the number of beds for casualties reserved in them; but it was without the legal power to compel their use for ordinary civilian patients. Thus two issues were underlined. The first was the limitation of the powers of the Ministry. The second was the defects of the traditional dualism. The significance of both for the future needs no emphasis.

The care of the homeless and the hospital service were not the only points at which ancient ice began to thaw. By the end of the war, writes Mr. Titmus, "it was increasingly regarded as a proper function . . . of Government to ward off distress and strain . . . among all classes of society. Because the area of responsibility . . . had widened, it was no longer thought sufficient to provide . . . a standard of service hitherto considered appropriate for those in receipt of poor relief—a standard . . . attuned to a philosophy which regarded individual distress as a proof of social incapacity." He cites as illustrations in one sphere the conversion of school meals and milk from a meagre concession to exceptional need into a normal function, the national milk scheme for young children and expectant mothers, and the measures for the provision of vitamins and allied foods; in another, the higher pensions for the aged, the removal of the latter from the machinery of the Poor Law, the abolition of the household means test, and the humanising of the spirit of social service administration. "The pooling of national resources and the sharing of risks were not always . . . applied; but they were the guiding principles."

To share risks is easy; but it is not enough. It is necessary also to be eager to share advantages; and the conviction that advantages which are shared are not advantages at all is, in England, slow to yield. It has left deep marks on social policy. Educational organisation is a monument to its power. It cannot be said that the government of colonial peoples has been—to speak with moderation—untainted by it. Ministering, as it does, to pride and greed, it is a sin the full price of which has not yet been paid. The only cure for it is a recognition that the most important aspect of human beings is not the differences of circumstance, income and race, or even of character and intelligence, by which they are divided, but the common humanity which unites them. This brilliant book on the social consequences of the war is not, perhaps, without some lessons for peace. R. H. TAWNEY

The Arts and Entertainment

THE TRIAL

THE version of Kafka's novel *The Trial*, which was prepared for Jean-Louis Barrault's *Théâtre Marigny* by André Gide and Barrault, was staged in London last week in an English translation, and survived only four nights. It was a failure on the grand scale. It was said to have cost the backer £15,000; the scenery was highly elaborate and an enormous cast had been engaged. For the sake of these last alone it was a particularly sad failure, for unemployment is very high at the moment in the theatrical profession. But in the conditions under which this project was launched upon us the failure was inevitable. How the piece was received in Paris I have not heard. But though it must even there have been a failure on its merits, at least it would have started with two great advantages; the advantage of M. Barrault's interpretation of the main role and the advantage of taking a place in the repertoire of a fine company with a tradition of first-class production behind it and with a ready-made audience sympathetic to its aims. If it was a failure there, it would have been a comparative failure, a gallant failure, a prestige failure. The method of putting it on here was madness. Plunked down out of the blue into a theatre associated chiefly with musical comedy and played by a comparatively unknown company, it could only have succeeded had it been a theatrical masterpiece. It is not. My own first thought on hearing of this adaptation in France was, How absurd! A film, possibly, for the cinema can combine absolute realism with movement in time and place and can shade over from the naturalistic into the macabre. But on the stage, inconceivable! And so it turned out.

Novels are not in general well suited for stage adaptation; for the prime element in the novel is the stream of time—the gradations of growth. And this the theatre cannot properly represent. It can make effective enough play with sudden jumps of time, but the slowly accumulated details of change—these it cannot capture. The time element is of primary importance in *The Trial*, for the mood it is playing upon is that baffled frustration which mounts up in us, stage by stage, to the pitch of madness when we are in the hands of a hopelessly inept bureaucracy. (Think of dealing with some postal intricacy in a foreign post office!) The bureaucracy in this novel is not, of course, inept. It has a different, never satisfactorily discovered procedure of its own. But we do start by reacting to it as if it were an actual bureaucracy and only gradually (gradually, that is the point) come to see that it is a different and even more terrifying one than any we have met in real life. And there is a further point; Kafka employs an extreme of casual naturalism to describe its working in the first place. It is by first creating the detail of an all-too-actual world that he can pass on to us so convincingly the allegory beneath. The stage adaptation, carried out with all the paraphernalia of expressionist technique, minimises from the start this effect of actuality.

Bafflement for those who did not know the book and deserts of boredom for those who did was, I am afraid, the final result. Late in the second half the trial scene and the scene in the cathedral made a certain effect. But personally I had to wait until the very last scene of all to get a genuine theatrical thrill—from those grave top-hatted executioners who put the hero to death

with all the courtly deliberation of the most expensive of funeral-parlour assistants. And I liked the actual finish (an addition, presumably by Gide) when one of the casual passers-by turns aside to look at the executioners huddled round their victim as it might be at a street accident; and her companion hurries her past, as it might be at a street brawl, saying, "Come on, come on, don't take any notice. That's only Justice—it's nothing to do with us." Mr. Frank Sundstrom (who with his wife is responsible for the English version) directed and played the leading part. His very sincere performance lacked the weight and magnetism which might have done something to pull the thing through. T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

WAS it Henry James who remarked the smell, "as of spiritual paraffin," which seemed to him to emanate from Ibsen's plays? It was, at any rate, the expression of a common enough complaint, and it arose, one imagines, from two things: the gritty ugliness of Archer's translations and the extreme dinginess of the sets—the very apotheosis of small-town Victorian taste. Later translators have liberated us from Archer, and radio can free the plays themselves from the provincialism of time and place which too many stage productions have emphasised. Ibsen, in fact, makes quite magnificent broadcast drama, and though, compared with Ibsen seen in the theatre, there is much that is lost, against that must be set the gain I have indicated. And of all the plays none broadcasts better than *The Wild Duck*. Rightly, it is never off the air for long, and though my favourite production remains Mr. Martyn Webster's, back, in 1944, Mr. Raymond Raikes's of the other evening is not far behind it. Certainly this curiously anti-Ibsenite play has never seemed more profound or more moving; the smell of paraffin was quite dispelled: this, one felt, was dramatic truth. Of a particularly good cast I especially liked Mr. Franklyn Bellamy's Old Ekdal, Miss Grizelda Hervey's Gina and Miss Maï Zetterling's Hedwig.

After Ibsen's passion and consummate skill almost everything else that the B.B.C. could provide us with was bound to appear trite and small. Yet I think Mr. Norman Swallow's *We Work in Steel* would have seemed unsatisfactory even if there had been, as it were, no giant next door to overshadow it. Mr. Swallow is a serious writer whose aim is to explain Northern workers to the rest of us. In one of his programmes, on miners, he succeeded admirably. But in this story of a steel-worker's life during the past twenty years he failed, it seemed to me, because he never really had his eye on the object. His Bobby Wilson was a lay figure, who might have popped up out of a Ministry of Labour poster, an official production-boosting film. He was, one supposed, to be taken as the typical steel-worker. But are there typical steel-workers? Are there not simply a multitude of human beings who happen to work in steel, which is something very different? And it is a strange view of human beings that sees them entirely in terms of the work they do, for the references to Wilson's enthusiasm for football and pigeon-fancying were very perfunctory.

Of Mr. Bernard Darwin's programme in the *A Year I Remember* series the less said the better. It never was a very fortunate series, and, more than most, this was merely a rambling talk about watching golf and visiting places associated with Dickens's novels in 1913, punctuated with occasional sound effects. Ibsen apart, the best work of the week came from the outside broadcasters with their recording cars. Mr. Harold Rogers's *The Circus Takes the Road*, with Mr. Wynford Vaughan Thomas describing the scene, was a most interesting picture in sound of what is involved when a large circus leaves its winter quarters for its summer tour. Listening to the account of the elephants being herded on to the train, one had the very pleasing illusion that one really was behind the scenes, at the heart of a great organisation. And a similar immediacy, though of a much more serious nature, was achieved in the admirable series of fifteen-minute programmes in the Light Programme, *10,000 Miles Through Europe*, in which Miss Marjorie Banks and Mr. Edward Ward have been reporting on conditions in the war-ravaged countries of Europe to-day as compared with those of 1945.
WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"All the King's Men," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion
"She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," at the London Pavilion
"Retour à la Vie," at the Academy

All the King's Men is a very good example of what happens to the taut little realist film when it sets out to capture the big prizes. As it might and should have been, it would have exhumed the career of Governor Huey Long, done a little muck-raking in the politics of the early Thirties, kept the facts neat and the photography unvarnished, dealt its blows against corruption, tin-pot dictatorship, and the gullibility of the mob and the result could hardly have been less than fascinating. Many a tense drama has come out of Hollywood on this level of reporting. And where could a more accommodating theme be found than in the curiously ugly life cycle of the "Kingfish"?

As it is, *All the King's Men* has taken its material at second-hand from a novel, so entering quite another field of character and motive. These the novel may have rendered satisfactorily; the film does not; from beginning to end it compromises between biographical recital and emotional probe. The honest minded young reporter, the homely hurt wife, the mistress with the bite of an axe, the idealistic doctor, the silver-haired judge of good family with a lapse, the shining-eyed girl, etc.: they encourage us for a while to think of them as people to be explored in the novelist's sense, but discovery goes no further. They are only half-way characters. And Kingfish himself, though energetically simulated by Mr. Broderick Crawford, gets no further either, though shown to us from most angles. He fights political corruption; he educates himself in the law; he makes his way by hitting hard here and dealing shadily there; he gains office, bodyguards and women; he builds hospitals and roads, and bumps off an opponent; the mob saves him from impeachment; a bullet from one of his victims stops him when, with his own army at call, he is in sight of larger things: and still, with all the appearance of an intimate portrait, we don't know the first thing about him—why and how he changed from self-made reformer into ravening dictator. Thus, the film falls uneasily between its two worlds, of imagination and fact, and very often it looks like two kinds of film run together. Moreover, on the higher reaches there was already *Citizen Kane*. What emerges is certainly not without interest or excitement; but one can only deplore that such a theme should have fallen to prize-catching treatment from a director, Robert Rossen, who has shown that he can do better.

John Ford's *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* brings again the days of cavalry outposts and Indians, has a footling love story, humour tied on like an old boot, a first-rate performance by John Wayne as an ageing officer, and Technicolor that varies between Bengal-lit bugling and landscapes of extraordinary beauty. How the thunder sky comes over the thread of soldiery on a pink desert! But where—always—are they going? Why don't they ever take food? Even the U.S. cavalrymen cannot live by choruses alone. For all its faults—and this is certainly not one of Ford's major efforts in the genre—the screen exults here in movement and colour, and in a certain intensity of feeling that survives make-shift sentiments.

Retour à la Vie employs a multiplicity of stories and directors to illustrate the theme of the returning soldier or prisoner of war. Here's smart and homely, sugar-plum and Grand Guignol. Hard and soft centres. The only episode with a touch of distinction is Clouzot's; for a few moments his camera explores a boarding-house at its *table d'hôte* with horrific effect, and afterwards Louis Jouvet melodramatises in pyjamas to some effect. But the whole thing is an unashamed *retour aux studios*.
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Paintings by Mintchine, at Gimpel Fils

A. Mintchine was a Russian-born painter who travelled westwards in stages. Two years spent in Berlin, when he was about twenty-five, produced nothing that has survived; it is for the paintings done between his arrival in Paris in 1926 and his death at thirty-three in the South of France that he is known. That was in 1931; only five years after he first came to France. Yet he managed in this time to arrive at a degree of maturity where influences of Van Gogh, Soutine, Utrillo and Derain had faded to a number of pleasant echoes. This very excellent exhibition—which has been arranged by the sons of one of Mintchine's earliest supporters, René Gimpel—contains six or seven canvases of quite exceptional felicity and power; it also manages to impress upon one a very fair notion of the rapid development of Mintchine's art. To the twenty-nine oils are added fourteen gouaches and watercolours, showing an ease, a mastery of the means, in more mediums than one. Perhaps it is just here, though, that we may make our main—perhaps our only—criticism of Mintchine's painting: his brush had a fluency which occasionally ran away with him. Otherwise everything in this painter's work is exceptional for perfectly matching means to ends; one feels no strain, such as occurs when the gap between ambition and achievement grows too wide. With Mintchine each statement is the complete and rounded embodiment of his experience. That experience did not lead him to enlarge, in any radical sense, the vocabulary of pictorial expression. Rather, he saw what he saw, felt what he felt, in pictorial terms that were already current. He had merely to refine these for his personal ends. Above all—even above the extraordinary simplicity of his design—we must praise his colour. Such glowing, resonant, utterly harmonious colour is the hallmark of genius in a painter, deriving as it does from a naturalness that cannot be simulated. P. H.

"The Gentle People," at the Embassy

When he wrote this play in the Thirties, Mr. Irwin Shaw may have been tilting against "appeasement." The two Little Men—devotees of fishing, gentlest of blood-sports—succeed where corrupted Justice fails: they unobtrusively bump off the "protection" racketeer whose extortion has become intolerable. Whether the villain, symbolically, is political dictatorship or the materialist society which breeds gangsterism, it is always enjoyable to see the lowly triumph. Wish-fulfilment? Perhaps: I doubt if the gangster, in real life, would have been so accommodating to two such inexpert killers. But *The Gentle People* has point and pith, and deserved its revival. The present production has rough edges; but Meier Tzelniker and Alfie Bass give sensitive performances of the philosophic, kindly little Jew and his self-apologetic Greek pastry-cook buddy, and Arthur Reynolds contributes a perfect vignette of a corpulent victim of Big Business garrulously sweating out the affliction of bankruptcy in a steam bath. As the Jewish angler's daughter, whose head was turned by the gangster, Hilda Simms seemed to me miscast. She has vitality and a polished, glittery glamour; but she hardly suggested the fluffy immaturity which falls for a trip to Cuba with a Bad Man. A. V.

"Trilby," at the Bedford

Since it drew spell-bound audiences for a generation, and gave its name to a still extant hat, du Maurier's play, like the works of Landseer, ought to be seen. Its revival at the Bedford prompted, in one middle-aged critic, two reflections. First, the best natural melodrama was written for proletarians before the rich, red blood of mid-Victorian England thinned into *Yellow Book* anaemia; and du Maurier was a slightly whimsy, end-of-the-century bourgeois, whose friends sat in the stalls. The fragrance of *Trilby* has faded sadly, whereas *Maria Marten* remains vital.

Secondly, the part of Svengali, on which the whole engaging pack of nonsense rests, demands from the actor an artificial "larger than life" technique now rare. Beerbohm Tree, for all his absurd tricks, made out of fustian a compelling personality; but, though Abraham Sofaer is an accomplished player, I could not believe in his casually temperamental Svengali's mesmeric power. As Trilby, Patricia Burke was an agreeable studio hoyden, but a less convincing hypnotised prima donna: Miss Furse, in her production, might have been wiser to stick to the tradition of having the famous voice off-stage. The whiskers worn by Trilby's faithful English in the Latin Quarter were magnificent. A. V.

Correspondence

THE PLAY OF IDEAS

SIR,—I don't understand the passion for pigeonholes. If there has to be simplification (and I can see there must be in an age when the intellect rapidly compasses more, without any particular increase in comprehension) it is better that we should simplify towards a unity than towards a shoddy system of labels: towards an admission that everything and everyone is a member one of another, a unity of difference, where all things meet in gradation, offsetting each other, dovetailing, completing, complementing, rather than towards the official chaos where nothing entirely belongs to the drawer it was put into. And even if a play could be labelled absolutely a play of ideas, or a play of character, or a play of mood, what we should want is more of all of them, not all of one of them.

Certainly—as Mr. Ted Willis says—this is no time "to find new ways to express old trivialities"; but we should be careful not to call trivial whatever is alien to our own corner of thought. With man's predicament at high pressure, as it is now, the temptation to do so is considerable. The weight of the world is on each individual, as at no other time in history, and we're bound to be impatient of what we believe are wasted words. But more words are wasted in decrying and argument than are coined in creation, and what we need is thought and heart and imagination more abundantly. The vision of an anxious man is likely to dwindle; his anxiety becomes his world, and his world of anxiety may become despair. Or, at least, he may be so immersed in the immediate struggle that he becomes lost to the larger struggle of which this is a moment. At such a time he needs all his senses and perceptions to keep him aware of what his existence represents. He needs every property of mind he possesses, all those attributes which most curiously distinguish him from his fellow animals—compassion, laughter, concern beyond his own immediate neighbourhood, a sense of mystery, of his own incompleteness, and much more. He needs to think and feel in detail as deeply as he thinks and feels in general, as befits an inhabitant of a universe which deals in millions of light-years and millions of microbes equally.

The microbe is no less miraculous than the whole solar system. We can't comprehend either of them. But we may, to a very limited extent, understand ourselves, and each detail of this understanding is valuable as we stand confronted by a revolution in our history. The ultimate answer to most of our problems is in the growth towards maturity of each individual, and the widow's mite of individual self-knowledge has weight even in our present urgencies. In a world which tends so easily towards destruction we should be glad of whatever tends, with some difficulty, towards creation; be ready to find a truth in any aspect, and so plunge on through the darkness carrying the world, if possible, in full fig. CHRISTOPHER FRY

Shipton-under-Wychwood,
Oxfordshire.

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"TITO'S PLOT"

SIR,—In his reply to my letter, Mr. Klugmann changes his ground. He said in the *Labour Monthly* that Mr. Kartun's book "enables the reader to understand . . . how the Tito group, organised for treachery by agents of British Imperialism during the war, were taken over once the war ended, lock, stock and barrel by U.S. Intelligence."

When I reviewed Mr. Kartun's book in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION I pointed out that (a) Mr. Kartun had produced no evidence for his assertion that the Maclean Military Mission had "organised the Tito group for treachery" except to refer to Rajk's testimony at his trial, and (b) Rajk's testimony was invalidated by the fact that he had claimed to have talked and plotted with certain Yugoslav leaders whom he in fact never had seen and could not have seen.

Mr. Kartun replied asserting that his book was full of evidence about how the Maclean Mission had converted the "Tito clique" into British agents. He did not specify this alleged evidence nor say where it could be found in his book (I couldn't find it although I tried). He kept silent on the curious episode of Rajk's assertion that he had met and conspired with Alesh Bebler, Maslarich, Mrazovich and 'Tempo' Voukmanovich in Vichy concentration camps, although none of them had ever been in any Vichy camp, and 'Tempo' Voukmanovich had never in his life been in either France or Spain. Maslarich was actually in Moscow at the time Rajk was supposed to have met him in France!

I then wrote a reply to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION pressingly inviting Mr. Kartun or Mr. Klugmann to clear up this mystery of Rajk's creative memory, since they were relying on his testimony to prove their contention that the Maclean Military Mission had during the war "organised the Tito group for treachery," etc. I further pointed out that Mr. Klugmann had himself been a prominent member of the Maclean Mission, with the rank of Major attached to the General Staff (G.S.O.II). It was quite inconceivable that the Maclean Mission should have done what he claimed it had done, without Mr. Klugmann's knowing about it.

It followed that either Mr. Klugmann had for years concealed his guilty knowledge of and share in the nefarious activities of the Maclean Mission, and was still concealing them, or that the whole story was untrue.

Mr. Klugmann in his reply now goes back on his own story, on Mr. Kartun, and on the Rajk trial. For he says the Maclean Mission had nothing to do with "organising the Tito group for treachery." That was done "on a high and very secret level . . . through certain individuals whom history will disclose." Meanwhile, pending the verdict of history, Mr. Klugmann is sure these individuals exist, although he doesn't know who they are, or when and how they operated. Why? Because "now facts have shown that there *was* such a plot."

Evidence? The Rajk and Kostov trials!

But Kostov repudiated in court the confession extorted from him in private. And the Rajk trial, apart from the little difficulty about Mr. Rajk remembering plots with people he had never met (a point on which Mr. Klugmann, like Mr. Kartun, refuses to satisfy my curiosity) was designed to prove that the Maclean Mission did what Mr. Klugmann now denies they did.

The truth is that the whole story of Tito's alleged treachery is rubbish. I have the old-fashioned notion that in politics reason should be used to establish facts and draw conclusions, and that such imponderables as truth and justice are not negligible quantities. Charges that I agree with Bevin leave me as cold as charges that I agree with Stalin. They are both equally irrelevant. My aim is to agree with the verdict of the facts. I believe progressive opinion in the West should do its own thinking and hammer out a policy based on a rational view of Communism that would show the way out of the cold war.

K. ZILLIACUS

GOVERNOR SERETSE?

SIR,—His Majesty's Ministers are doubtless worried, and rightly worried, about the case of Seretse. It does not appear to have been pointed out that a precedent for action exists. The last monarch to lose that status because his choice of a bride did not commend itself to a British Government was appointed Governor of the Bahama Islands. In view of the mixed racial origin of their inhabitants it is surely time that an African were appointed to govern them; and they are a long way from Dr. Malan. Such a step would be no more revolutionary than Mr. Lloyd George's advice to King George V to confer a peerage on Mr. Sinha, and it would, I think, do something to allay the justifiably incensed feelings of the Bamangwato.

University of London, J. B. S. HALDANE
Gower Street, W.C.1.

CO-OPERATORS AND THE LABOUR PARTY

SIR,—Your article (April 6) on the Co-operative Movement and its relations with the Labour Party raises questions deserving very serious consideration. It is true, as you say, that "The two movements, after a period of working together with no friction except on minor points of organisation as distinct from policy, have now reached a point at which underlying differences of approach have suddenly become important." Can these underlying differences be resolved without impairing the good relations that have hitherto existed between the two movements? In the policy statement of the Co-operative Union the Labour Party is warned against extending nationalisation to the productive and distributive enterprises in which the Co-operatives have a vital interest.

As a member of a Co-operative Society I have a good deal of sympathy with the views expressed by the Co-operative Union. But the nationalisation of certain basic industries has already modified the economic structure of society. We are becoming, for good or ill, more dependent on the State. This affects private enterprise just as much as it affects Co-operative enterprise. Neither can escape the results of the advance of State ownership and control. The Co-operative Movement challenges this State control, and demands full freedom for its activities without interference from State-appointed Boards, etc. Here is where the clash between the Co-operative Movement and the Labour Party is likely to come. An expanding State economy is bound, sooner or later, to encroach on the Co-operative system and to seek to bring it within the State economy. If this happens, then the voluntary character of the Movement will be changed. You suggest that this "voluntarism" and aloofness from the State is now obsolete. It may be, but many Co-operators will continue to resist any attempt to convert their movement into an organisation subject to State direction.

If agreement is to be reached between the two movements it can only be by limiting nationalisation to a few basic industries, and leaving the Co-operators free to develop their own consumer trades without State interference. But agreement on these lines will raise acute controversies and problems in the Socialist Movement. The exclusion of Co-operative enterprise from State control would almost certainly prevent State ownership and control of the private concerns that supply the bulk of the consumer goods of the Co-operative Societies.

Frank discussion of these problems and differences is very necessary if a serious split between the two movements is to be avoided. W. FAULKNER

53 Westfield Road,
Surbiton.

THE ELECTION

SIR,—As Labour candidate for the Newbury Division in the last election, I entirely agree with Mr. Crossman's general remarks concerning rural constituencies.

Compared with the Tories there had been practically no organisation before the election in most rural areas. In every village the Tories had an active party, usually backed up by indirect assistance from such bodies as the Women's Institute and British Legion. Labour Party supporters were victimised in more ways than one. The "snob" value of being Conservative still had an appeal, and the influence of the local Tory squire was considerable.

The only way in which rural constituencies can be won is to build up strong local Labour parties in every village. Once a party is formed, it soon attracts support. For instance, in a village with just over 300 voters, we formed a party last month and already it has nearly 100 members. As Mr. Crossman says: "To show the Labour flag is half the battle."

Again, a real liaison must be built up between the Divisional Labour party and the N.U.A.W. The support of workers in the small factories in the constituency should be organised as well. Farmers, however, are still reluctant, for reasons of social prestige, to come out openly on the side of Labour. When in a district the local squire or a well-known farmer do so, then the Labour party becomes, as it were, respectable and socially worthy of support.

Just one note of warning about help from safe urban areas. Be careful whom you send. People from 50 miles away are often regarded as "foreigners" and enthusiastic amateurs from Dagenham or Bermondsey, who don't know one end of a cow from another, are a menace not a help! Careful selection and briefing are essential.

It may take some time to win the market towns, but the villages can be won in this next election. Organising an all-out canvassing drive and a summer-long, open-air campaign, the days of the "country battle" will be over. With an all-out challenge we can beat the Tories on their own ground and win the countryside for Labour. COLIN JACKSON

14 Leicester Square,
London, W.2.

SOCIALIST CAMPAIGN

SIR,—In his article on the "Lessons of the Election" Mr. Crossman announces to the Labour Movement that elections are won between, not during, elections. This is so obviously true that there should be no need to say it, but it is equally and obviously true that large sections of the Labour Movement do not grasp this fundamental fact. During the present breathing space, every possible means of propaganda should be turned on to the marginal constituencies by the Labour Party if we are to achieve the necessary victory in the next election. We must explain the necessity for Socialism, not the necessity of nationalising the sugar-monopoly; we must explain that full employment is not an accident and spend our time recounting the stories of the pre-war years. In the last election, Labour's propaganda was based on fear—fear of a Tory return; this time, it must be based on hope—hope for a Socialist future.

Probably the people with the best opportunities for carrying this message into the doubtful areas in the summer are the student members of the Labour Movement. Because of this, The National Association of Labour Student Organisations is planning, in conjunction with the Fabians, to run a Clarion Campaign. The scheme had advanced very little as yet, but any of your readers who would like to have further information or would wish to give some kind of assistance, financial or otherwise, are asked to contact the N.A.L.S.O. Vice-Chairman, Michael Hyde, the Labour Club, The University, Nottingham.

N.A.L.S.O. J. P. MORRIS, *Secretary*

BELGIAN CRISIS

SIR,—May I answer Mr. Bertelson's criticisms very briefly?

1. No referendum or election could be held on the principle that the result has no value because the propaganda on one side or the other has used objectionable methods or arguments. Criticism on one side can obviously be answered by criticism on the other.

2. Mr. Bertelson's argument amounts to saying that a referendum has not the same character as a parliamentary election. We all agree on that, although the same method is used in democratic countries such as Switzerland. The trouble is that King Leopold did not create the situation which rendered a Belgian referendum necessary.

3. On the question of the Belgian Constitution, Mr. Bertelson walks on very thin ice. He is thinking, no doubt, of the decision taken on May 25th, 1940, which was never considered as a violation of the Constitution by the Pierlot Government in London and later in Brussels. May I refer Mr. Bertelson to the Servais Report, 1946, in which a number of eminent jurists state that the King had a perfect right to remain with his army.

The Eyrie, EMILE CAMMAERTS
Radlett, Herts.

"STARY DOST"

SIR,—Reference your statement on April 8, with regard to my article in the *Sunday Express*, I am writing to tell you that "dost" was a slang word used by Marshal Stalin meaning "friend" or "old chap." There is, therefore, no riddle as to what Stalin said. I do not know why you say that our understanding was imperfect. We got on very well.

Bulford Lodge, G. S. N. MARTEL
Heatherside, Camberley.

LASKI AND THE LIBERALS

SIR,—In common no doubt with many of your readers I was particularly interested in Mr. Strachey's important article on Harold Laski. He was no doubt right in suggesting that "the deepest layer" of Laski's mind rested on the nineteenth-century radical tradition. In this connection I thought that your readers might be interested in some words of Mr. Asquith, who had the warmest regard for Laski. Writing to a friend in 1921 he said: "He is by way (ostensibly) of being attached to the Labour Party, but is not far from what you and I regard as the political Kingdom of Heaven (i.e., Liberalism). He is a really clever creature and talked brilliantly and mordantly of Haldane and the Webbs." How different might have been the history of the past 30 years (and even of February 1950) if Mr. Laski and his intellectual disciples had sought to cherish—instead of striving to destroy—the hard-pressed Liberal Party which during all these difficult years has tried to foster those principles on which rested the fundamental beliefs of the Labour Party intellectuals.

Barbon, Carnforth. ROGER FULFORD

FEATHERBED

SIR,—It is not generally realised how great are the *concealed* subsidies to agriculture. They range from free dog licences and 5*s.* tax for tractors (150,000 of them) to complete relief from paying rates on land and agricultural buildings, including houses on farms; building grants and relief from building restrictions, and preferential low rates on the railways.

COUNTRYMAN

WILLIAM HONE

SIR,—I am preparing a biography of William Hone, political pamphleteer and publisher, 1780-1842. I should be grateful to you for space in which to ask owners of private papers, letters or unpublished material relating to him kindly to communicate with me. ANNE RENIER

47 Great Russell Street,
W.C.1.

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Books in General

Dr. Vannevar Bush was appointed by President Roosevelt in 1940 as Chairman of the Office of Scientific Research and Development; in the same year he was given control of the Manhattan District Project, the cover name for atom bomb research. Since then no living man has had so much practical experience of the application of science to war-making, or of the administrative problems involved in persuading scientists, professional soldiers and politicians to work together in a Western democracy. *Modern Arms and Free Men**, therefore, is an immensely important book, which gives us an authoritative picture of the framework within which American strategy is now being planned.

Yet an important book can also be rather silly. It would, of course, be ridiculous to make this assertion if Dr. Bush had written only about the weapons of total war. But he has not. The theme of his later chapters is the nature of democracy, Fascism and Communism, and the role of the scientist within the three systems in an epoch of total war. On this subject Dr. Bush is as dogmatic and irrational as some of his scientific colleagues who have been converted to Communism. Why is it that scientists so often disregard the rules of scientific method when they turn their minds to political economy?

About his first proposition, however, there can be no dispute:

> The combination of science, engineering, industry and organisation during the last decade created a new framework that rendered conventional military practice obsolete.

Dr. Bush is at great pains to point out that the atomic bomb has neither replaced other weapons of war nor achieved a permanent superiority for offensive over defensive weapons; it provides merely a more effective method of strategic bombardment than any previously invented. And he argues convincingly that, in the period ahead of us, the guided missile and the proximity fuse may well give the advantage to the defence in aerial warfare between great Continental Powers. Surprisingly, he plays down the dangers of chemical and bacteriological warfare on the ground that, ever since the poisoned arrow, soldiers have felt a moral distaste for the employment of such unfair weapons. His arguments for the importance of submarine warfare are a good deal more convincing, since, as he rightly reminds us, the Russians are now making full use of the devices developed by the Germans towards the end of the war.

Dr. Bush describes how we just beat the Germans at their own Western game of total scientific war. But it does not necessarily follow, as he assumes, that we can defeat the Russians in the same way. In the last war, though they showed no great technical originality, the Russians were singularly skilful at adapting Western inventions to their rough and ready requirements. Their artillery and tanks were not inferior to ours, and their aircraft, to take one illustration, did well enough without radar, because the Russian High Command could sustain a higher casualty rate than any democratic Western Power. The Western planner must spend millions on devices to reduce casualties, because otherwise the morale of his army cracks. The Russian and the Chinese Communist can be more economical in the equipment of their armed forces because they can be infinitely more extravagant in their use of men. The soldier can be paid less, his married quarters and medical treatment can be more primitive, and much equipment, essential in the Western world, can be dispensed with. To-day, for instance, it costs £50,000,000 to equip one British or American armoured division, and £5,000,000 a year to maintain it. I do not know the figures for the Red Army, but they must be lower.

The second thesis of *Modern Arms and Free Men* is that the democracies will always have the edge on the totalitarian States, because their scientists enjoy the atmosphere of freedom which fosters technical advance. A consoling thought—if it were true. To prove his case, Dr. Bush tries to show that the defeat of Germany was largely due to Hitler's suppression of freedom; and he can list, as victories of democratic science, radar, atomic energy and the proximity fuse. Yet he admits that the Germans were always ahead of us in the development of chemical warfare, directed missiles, rockets, jet fighters and U-boats. This is a formidable list, if it is really true that totalitarianism frustrates technical development.

But does it? In the course of explaining the backwardness of American jet development, Dr. Bush remarks:

> Most of it was owing to the fact that, at that stage of the war, we did not acutely need jets, and therefore did not bring weight to bear on their development.

Surely there is a similar explanation of the German backwardness in radar, to which Dr. Bush condemns so contemptuously. In planning for a short war, Hitler concentrated the research of his scientists on weapons of offence and terror, with the result that even the German jet fighter was not in full production before the collapse.

Much though I would like to believe it, I can find no evidence in his own book to support Dr. Bush's complacency. Democracy and totalitarianism each have their own virtues and defects in total war. In a democracy, government by committee, political vested interests and the need for public debate delay and sometimes altogether prevent, the most vital decisions; whereas the dictator's undoubted advantages—unified control, secrecy and, above all, freedom from the pressure for a higher standard of living—may all be outweighed by a wrong decision if the intuition of the Leader goes wrong. The objective observer would probably conclude that, in war-time, a democracy is usually more dynamic than a dictatorship, (1) because it has so much peace-time slack to take up, and (2) because the civilian "temporary," who need not consider his career, can often make impetuous inroads on bureaucratic stupidity.

In peace-time, however, it is extremely dubious whether a democracy retains this advantage. Nothing could be worse than America's own record after 1918 in the development of new weapons, except the British and French attitude to mechanised warfare. Moreover, to-day, as Mr. David Lilienthal has wryly admitted, scientific freedom—the chief advantage of democracy—is being undermined by loyalty purges. From the point of view of scientific progress (that is, if we disregard security considerations), Hitler's purge of the Jews from the German Universities was no more harmful than the British and American refusal to employ outstanding physicists and chemists because they may be Communists or fellow-travellers.

The dangers of Dr. Bush's philosophy are revealed by one sentence in his book:

> It is a far cry indeed from the time when the enemy has a bomb. Before the time comes, many things may happen. We may be living by then in a different sort of world.

It is difficult to feel confidence in the other predictions of a scientist who, twelve months ago, had convinced himself, mainly on ideological grounds, that the Russians were years away from constructing an atom bomb.

The third thesis of *Modern Arms and Free Men* is that democracy is the antithesis of planning, and that for this reason "we cannot afford to-day to interfere unduly, even in the name of humanitarianism, with the diversified, vigorous private initiative that made us great." Yet, although Western civilisation must, according to Dr. Bush, eschew the Socialist planned economy, we must also

> raise our standard of living so that more of our population may perform well. We must learn to make our industrial machine operate smoothly and avoid the interruptions because of quarrels over the division of the product. We must learn to avoid inflation and depression. We must somehow produce governmental machinery that will operate efficiently for its intended purposes, so that the selfish interests of groups or sections cannot drain away our energies. We must establish justice and goodwill among our people and among the races that make up our population, so that our progress will not be halted by internal friction.

Even Babbitt will surely jib at such sententiousness. Despite his scientific training, Dr. Bush looks at the world outside his laboratory through the spectacles of a chairman of Rotary. On his own account it is clear that, before the Americans could create the war machine with which they helped to defeat the Germans, an enormous amount of interference with private enterprise took place, and the President had to assert his full dictatorial powers as Commander-in-Chief. Why should Dr. Bush assume that similar interference will be unnecessary in order to keep ahead of the Russians in the rearmament race? And why, having laid down this assumption as the basis of his general theory of democracy, does he depart from it whenever he considers his own special subject—the development of new weapons? Here his war-time experience compels him to demand a new centralised organisation, directly responsible to the President and vested with almost unlimited powers. In the same way, Dr. Bush applauds the nationalisation of atomic

* *Modern Arms and Free Men.* By Vannevar Bush. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

energy, because he understands the subject, while denouncing "statism" elsewhere.

I do not want to suggest that *Modern Arms and Free Men* is not worth reading. Even its most Rotarian platitudes are immensely significant. They reveal the prevailing view in official Washington that America should use science and planning exclusively in military preparation for the hot war, while remaining, in the cold war, a devotee of unplanned free enterprise. The idea that, in order to defend democracy, science must be applied with equal intensity to social problems—to agricultural production and distribution, for instance, in order to meet the needs of a constantly increasing world population—is not dismissed by Dr. Bush. It is not even considered. Presumably it is too Socialistic for a scientific spokesman of the American way of life.

For the European, reading between the lines, *Modern Arms and Free Men* will have a special and ironic interest. Dr. Bush reassures his American readers that, though atom bombs can be delivered by high-flying bombers, they will only devastate "a few cities." Civil defence, he decides, is not required on a nation-wide scale in the U.S.A., "because our situation differs markedly from that of Europe." V.2's cannot be fired across the Atlantic, but are highly effective within a range of 200 miles; moreover, as he categorically asserts, there is no defence against them once they have been launched. Of the implications for those of us who live on the wrong side of the Atlantic, Dr. Bush seems blissfully unaware.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE POET IN 1950

A poet of personal problems, as he sits
Exercising his dim, poetic wits,
May well survive a desert war or Blitz

But in the hurly-burly of the world outside
Events at last will take him for a ride,
A bobbing cork upon that sombre tide.

Who leans upon a metaphysical crutch,
His best endeavour to be "out of touch,"
Will not engage our feelings overmuch

And those who ride the band-waggons of the cliques
Ride for a fall in a few years—or weeks.
They cannot sing, whose tongues are in their cheeks.

Then call him back, back to the world of men—
A soldier's simple world of Ron and Len—
And let the Bard be honoured once again!

GAVIN EWART

PORTRAIT OF A ROMANTIC

He is in love with the land that is always over
The next hill and the next, with the bird that is never
Caught, with the room beyond the looking-glass.

He likes the half-hid, the half-heard, the half-lit,
The man in the fog, the road without an ending,
Stray pieces of torn words to piece together.

He is well aware that man is always lonely,
Listening for an echo of his cry, crying for the moon,
Making the moon his mirror, weeping in the night.

He often dives in the deepsea undertow
Of the dark and dreaming mind. He turns at corners,
Twists on his heel to trap his following shadow.

He is haunted by the face behind the face.
He searches for last frontiers and lost doors.
He tries to climb the wall around the world.

A. S. J. TESSIMOND

NEW NOVELS

The Fire in the Dust. By FRANCIS MACMANUS. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Image of a Drawn Sword. By JOCELYN BROOKE. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Darkling Plain. By PHOEBE FENWICK GAYE. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This week's books have been something of a critical headache. The first two, both highly individual and interesting, leave me with problems . . . my own . . . which I cannot quite solve, possibly because I have not asked myself the right question. Yet this nagging sense that there is a question to be asked suggests there is some reason for my vague dissatisfaction.

The Fire in the Dust is a study of life in the small circle of an Irish provincial town where everyone is intensely aware and critical of his neighbour's doings. It is seen through the eyes of a schoolboy or rather by a man remembering vividly how certain painful and puzzling events struck him in his 'teens. The Irish Catholic society Francis MacManus describes is familiar to us from Joyce and others. How far its puritanism is due to the Irish themselves and how far to a virus of Jansenism to which Catholics not only in Ireland but in France, Spain and even England seem unhappily susceptible, I am not competent to decide. The novels of Mauriac are full of it in a far harsher and more sinister form. Compared to some of those joylessly pious *Bordelais* households, Kilkenny seems warm and genial. There are *Pharisees* in London as well as in Dublin and Bordeaux; possibly all over the world there are Catholics of both sexes who strain at the gnat of an "immodest" bathing dress and swallow camels of pride, cruelty and slander. Mr. MacManus is less bitter than Joyce and less portentous than Mauriac. He has pity and understanding even for the savage Brother Brutt (a less educated version of Joyce's pandy-batting Jesuit in *Portrait of the Artist*) and for the soured, hysterical "sacristy spinster," Miss Dreelin. Indeed all his characters, the priests and the schoolboys, the warm, down-to-earth Kate and the repressed, deluded Minnie are noted, from the outside, with the greatest precision. Each person's idiom and manner of speech is so caught that one seems to hear the very tone of the voice.

The conversation of the Capuchin friar is a brilliant example; spontaneous yet wary, never losing sight of its main object in spite of its apparent hearty irrelevance. Yet, in spite of this natural dialogue and the credibility of each scene as it occurs, something, in this reader at any rate, remained not quite convinced. Is it that Mr. MacManus screws the peg of his description and narrative a thought too high so that, in nervous fear of flatness, he often plays a little sharp? Is it that the characters, seen so clearly at moments by the narrator, Larry, seem not to exist apart from his perception of them and to have no past or future of their own? Or is the writer using a technique better suited to the short story than to the novel? As I said above, it is not merely that I cannot find the answers; I may be asking quite the wrong questions. I can only say that, after reading *The Fire in the Dust*, I was haunted by the image of a frame and kept seeing each scene as a composition within that frame, accompanied by voices whose varying pitch and intonation I could clearly hear. Am I right in guessing that *The Fire in the Dust* is conceived in the wrong medium and should be a film, not a novel? Or is Mr. MacManus deliberately using film technique in his writing and not quite clearing the fence? Either way I cannot help hoping that the book attracts the eye of Carol Reed.

My uneasiness about *The Image of a Drawn Sword* is of a different kind. This is the first of Jocelyn Brooke's works that I have read. I have heard much praise of *A Mine of Serpents* and *The Military Orchid* and now look forward to reading them, partly for pleasure, partly to see if they will give me a clue to my puzzle. At the first "sampling" glance, I thought sadly "Another post-war novel about a sensitive young man caught up in the brutalities of army life." However, as soon as I settled down to read it properly, I found (as often before) that my first impression had been wrong. Even had it been right, I could not have missed a line. Jocelyn Brooke is a brilliant story-teller and, once buttonholed by him, I am sure I should listen to any story he chose to tell.

This is a very odd tale indeed about a bank clerk who, having returned to his job after the war, makes friends with a territorial officer who tries to persuade him to join the reserve. Langrish, the bank clerk, takes some preliminary training without definitely committing himself. There is a slight air of mystery about the unit; a mention of "the others" as if an enemy actually existed on home territory; a suggestion of *Hitlerjugend*; the prevalence of a tattoo mark of a serpent twined round a sword. Just before Langrish has to make his decision, he falls ill. When, a few weeks later, he recovers, he can find no trace of the training camp or of the officer Captain Archer. One day, out on a walk, he is pounced on by soldiers, treated as a deserter and forcibly re-conscripted into a mysterious army against whose iron discipline there is no appeal. Here he finds some of the men he met while "training" but, though only a month or so has elapsed, they talk of that time as many years ago and Archer reappears as a middle-aged colonel. Langrish, branded now like the rest with the sword and snake, tries to escape, is caught and sentenced to flogging. He escapes again and takes refuge in his own home, only a mile away from the dreadful camp. Waking from sleep, he supposes the whole episode to have been a nightmare until he finds the sword and snake still tattooed on his arm. The camp, therefore, with its harsh discipline and the suppression of all individual rights and all contacts outside its area, is presumably the "real" world. *The Image of a Drawn Sword* is evidently symbolic but I lost my way among Mr. Brooke's symbols while admiring his power as a writer. I could not understand why, if the author (see blurb) "established a relationship between the ordinary world and the other world symbolised by the territorial unit," the camp should turn out to be the only reality. Nor could I see why this realisation should fill Langrish with "a serene happiness such as he had never known before."

Mr. Brooke produces a wonderful atmosphere of claustrophobia and cross-purpose by his ironic realism. He gives the reader the sense of being imprisoned in a world at once normal and insane; an asylum which could be almost cosy once one had learnt a few ritual gestures of mopping and mowing. Yet at the very end he creates the impression of having lost control of his symbolic story and having been suddenly engulfed in his own dream. Nevertheless he is a refreshingly original writer, expert at building up tension and keeping the reader alert and disturbed. The dialogue could hardly be tauter or better, but in narrative and description Mr. Brooke often allows himself superfluous adjectives, as if he had written in too great a hurry. Over and over again I mentally deleted the weaker ones and noticed how a blurred passage came at once into focus.

Perhaps it is because I have not read *The French Prisoner* or *Louisa Vandervoord* that I found *The Darkling Plain* rather heavy going and could work up no real interest in the vast Davison family whose "branches" are as cosmopolitan as the railways they own. Miss Fenwick Gaye obviously intends us to see the family, its railway lines and its adventures through several generations, as a microcosm of the history of the nineteenth century, and even of the whole conflict between good and evil. I cannot help feeling that she has overweighted herself by this ambitious scheme and forced her story into an improbable pattern, and her characters into some very stagey attitudes. The latter, just when they have begun to rouse our interest as human beings, have a way of breaking into literary set-pieces of monologue or writing minutely observed reflections and descriptions in rather arty prose at moments when no real person could be so articulate. Parts of the book give the oddest impression

of being written by an extremely intelligent and well-read schoolgirl (strong in geography but possibly not quite so strong in history) who has decided to write a great novel before she has had time to get to grips with human beings. Her sense of places and countries is very good; so much so that I wished she would write more about the railroads that touch her imagination so much more authentically than their owners. Authors are notoriously bad proof-readers but I have seldom seen so many wild mis-spellings and wrong genders of foreign words. And how could Miss Fenwick Gaye, so evidently a lover of Shakespeare, let pass "What's he to Hecuba or she to him?" ANTONIA WHITE

A MAUPASSANT STORY

Maupassant. By FRANCIS STEEGMULLER. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The life of Maupassant is a short story by Maupassant; it is, for all its animation and success, no exception to the common rule that there is little to be said about the lives of most writers once the ground plan has been established. There are exceptions, of course; Dostoevsky was one. But once we have observed Maupassant's relations with his parents and his early apprenticeship with Flaubert, there is nothing more to do but to watch the years go by at Etretat and Paris with sinister brightness until the double horror of the end. First it is he who takes his syphilitic brother to the madhouse; four years later, with delusions of grandeur and a state of mind "like the howling of certain dogs," Maupassant was in the madhouse himself.

The industrious researches of Mr. Steegmuller, who wrote a very intelligent book on *Flaubert and Madame Bovary*, fill out this newspaper story year by year, quoting from the tales, finding living and speaking documents in the correspondence with his mother and Flaubert and from Maupassant's prolific and sedulous publicity about himself. There is a good deal of gossip about his sexual powers—Frank Harris is surely not worth quoting—there are notes on some of his known mistresses who cannot be said to have influenced his life: the continuous achievement of freedom, in work, love and travel, provides an effervescence which, paradoxically, ends by becoming featureless and dull. In a sense Maupassant was so free that he becomes, biographically speaking, non-existent. Only headaches restrain him. We come nearer to what he was like in *Bel Ami* than in anything that can be got out of the records.

The golden rule in dealing with this kind of character is to seek out the secret chains; and for Mr. Steegmuller these are Maupassant's relationship with his mother and father, seen in the light of psycho-analytical theory. Mr. Steegmuller is not a stodgy writer, indeed he makes an intelligent and lively biographical mixture; but the vice of his approach is that it is speculative and reduces his man to the skeleton. Mr. Steegmuller would have put flesh on it if he had given more weight to what he discovered about the nature of Maupassant's family, their place in the French situation at that time, and to heredity. Far more interesting than his sexuality are Maupassant's careerism and the fact that he was trained first and self-trained afterwards for everything that he did.

The Maupassants were hard-headed Norman business people who had become rich and had settled down as country squires and soi-disant aristocrats, with a taste for the arts. They had the hardness and the hysteria often found among the new rich. They were wary, ruthless and pushing. *Averti* was Henry James's excellent word for the writer, and it can be read in two ways. It both describes the man who has made a deadly estimate of how to use the world he lives in and who thinks far ahead, and the poet who has been warned off it, hurt young and turned to his own intense fantasy. The rumour is that Maupassant's mother bought her chateau in a hurry in order that her child should be born with "a place." It is notable that her reckless husband buckled to and did quite well for himself again, after he had lost his fortune. There was no inclination to failure in the Maupassants. When Laure Maupassant left her husband because of his infidelities she made a shrewd, stiff bargain with him. It was this father's dissipation of their money, which had obliged the son to earn a poor living as a restive and humiliated government clerk, that capped his hostility to the older man. Money meant a great deal to Maupassant. He began to write, as he said, to liberate himself from his wretched job and fought at once for the steepest prices. It is not hard to see the connection of this with his genius. Flaubert's doctrine of detachment had its economic aspect. Maupassant's restless non-attachment, his desire for isolation, his conservatism, are related to the lack of an inner life: and that had been destroyed by the hardening, hollowing tradition of success and "getting on" which ruled his family. In his prolific work—200 stories, five or six novels, innumerable light articles, in a few years—he never wrote without expertness and he was sufficiently *averti* to know quite well on what levels he was writing; cynicism itself must have died of such a cleverness and he was left with the inconsolable melancholy of the maimed animal.

Mr. Steegmuller dwells rather on the relationship with his mother, as I have said. Abused by her husband, Laure Maupassant turned to her son, put him towards writing and made him the precocious man of the house. If she gave him sensibility she taught him impudence. Her jealous, adoring and conspiring love was his ruin; it is one of the recognised paths to homosexuality or to a fatal separation of love and the sexual impulse. Maupassant's stories (Mr. Steegmuller's argument runs) can be shown plausibly to divide into two main themes: the humiliation of women (drawn from the humiliation of Laure by her husband) and the cuckoldry of husbands (the revenge on the wicked father). It could equally be shown that the emotions were ambivalent. Women are humiliated because he hated his possessive mother; men are cuckolded because Maupassant's admired father preceded him in this breathless and sedulous occupation. Not enough is known about the mental instability of Laure's family; and stepping back from Mr. Steegmuller's portrait, one sees that there is some force in Tolstoy's puritanical criticisms, if one extends them to mean that Maupassant was pushed into the cynicisms of bourgeois society and became an accomplice in them. But, as usual, psychological criticism goes too far. Mr. Steegmuller carries his into a study of Maupassant's pseudonyms. All it amounts to is that these can be twisted to confirm the hankering after a lower class and the effeminacy of the over-mothered. What an uninteresting thing to say!

The scepticism, the vivacity, the wit, the tenderness, the light and shade of Maupassant's genius in limpidly rendering the blank-minded life of the senses, are rightly extolled by Mr. Steegmuller. There are few, after all, who have approached Maupassant in the description of sexual love in all its phases—outside of marital fidelity—from the brutal to the tender, from the humdrum to the comic, and Mr. Steegmuller who is conscious of the puritanism that underlies American sexual licence, and the vulgarity that exploits it commercially, may be excused for rather recklessly redressing a balance by saying they order things better in France. This is rather naive. Most English and American writers write about sex as if they had only just become acquainted with it and wreck their work because they cannot detach themselves from their intolerable personal feelings. It must be said for Maupassant that, like the Norman sportsman, he had the cool eye of the hunter. And like the hunter, felt tenderness for what he had killed and curiosity about a good day. The vulgarity of Maupassant sprang from his poverty in general ideas, and from his adherence to the conventions of a very vulgar period of bourgeois society and the sentiments by which they concealed their ugliness. A story like *Yvette* contains the whole mixture: half of it genius, half of it the second most expensive scent.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE FILM ADDICT'S BIBLE

The Film Till Now. By PAUL ROTHA, in collaboration with RICHARD GRIFFITH. *Vision Press.* 42*s.*

A 750-page book surveying the first fifty years of the cinema is an event both rare and appetising for enthusiasts; republished and revised, *The Film Till Now* may well become the addict's Bible—an illusion heightened by the book's physical proportions (thick, squat, rather cumbersome to handle) and its similarly spaced divisions into an old and a new testament. For, twenty years later, Paul Rotha has valiantly decided to let his original pronouncement stand: the section on the sound cinema has been added by an American critic, Richard Griffith.

Mr. Rotha wrote *The Film Till Now* in 1929, at the close of the silent film era. The cinema had, like the other arts during the Twenties, offered an extraordinary amount of adventure and achievement; in the space of seven or eight years Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Dreyer, Stroheim and Pabst had produced their major works, Chaplin his great middle-length comedies, and a new school of directors, headed by Clair and Renoir, was growing up in France. In retrospect, all this seems an unparalleled cataclysm. Productivity on this level and of such weight does not occur to-day, and a few weathered columns might crumble if it did. Only the British cinema, as usual, was getting it in the neck. ("The British film is established upon a hollow foundation . . . It has been built up by favoured criticism and tolerance of attitude.") But Mr. Rotha's book ended on a note of doubt and warning; the coming of sound threatened to negate the aesthetic values on which he believed the cinema was founded.

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silent films had reached their highest point of expressiveness—that perturbed critics and showmen alike. Commercial producers, reluctantly admitting the quick hold this new discovery had gained on the public, turned out for the most part a series of timid photographed plays. The result horrified serious film-makers and critics. A manifesto by Eisenstein and his colleagues characteristically declared that the sound cinema had possibilities *only if it rejected synchronised dialogue* and used sound in a non-realistic way. Mr. Rotha also condemned the "offending dialogue :"

> It is a degenerate and misguided attempt to destroy the real use of the film and cannot be accepted as coming within the true boundaries of the cinema. Not only are dialogue films wasting the time of intelligent directors, but they are harmful and detrimental to the culture of the public.

The cinema, in a few years, managed to find a new aesthetic of sound and image, but this condemnation has topicality again to-day when such smooth regressions as Hitchcock's *Rope* and *Under Capricorn* occur.

As a critic Mr. Rotha is ultimately concerned with the style rather than the content of film-making, which is not surprising in view of the novelty of the medium and the period of experiment in which the book was written. He was studying painting when he first became attracted by the cinema, and was naturally preoccupied with visual effect and the whole rhythmic and pictorial structure of films. Obviously he has a true respect for life as well as art—a dish-washer, he observes *à propos* Stroheim's early career in New York, is a good preliminary occupation for a film director—but the method has its disadvantages. It is not the judgments, but the transmission of them, which suffer : without telling us the story, or at least the *milieu*, of a number of films, he sometimes appears to be discussing them *in vacuo*. The book shows that he was attracted by the German silent cinema, with its massive architectural properties and frequently virtuoso camerawork ; he admired the structural sweep of the great Russian films, but had firm reservations on the social basis of the Soviet cinema, orientated by demands of propaganda—which, he points out, are potentially as restrictive as the commercialism of Hollywood. In view of this, it is especially interesting that soon after the original publication of this book he joined John Grierson, who was developing what came to be known as the British documentary school. Mr. Rotha became a film-maker, and a social propagandist too : such films as *World of Plenty* and *The World is Rich* are amongst the most eloquent documents this school has produced. Unlike so many other makers of documentary, Mr. Rotha did not cease for the medium.

As an introduction to film theory *The Film Till Now* is wholly admirable. The lucidity of the theoretical chapters is tonic also in view of some of the eccentricities which gain attention to-day : unpretentious and free of jargon, Mr. Rotha performs the great service of illustrating his theories with relevant examples, as opposed to that remarkable school of *filmologie* in Paris, whose august pontiff, Professor Cohen-Séat, has to his credit the achievement of bringing out the first volume of his lucubrations without reference to a single film. Mr. Rotha's anatomy of the composite elements of cinema, his analysis of the varying emphases put upon them in different countries, could not be bettered.

The new section of the book has been entrusted to Richard Griffith, whose approach is in sharp contrast. A tough, exacting and sometimes violent critic, Mr. Griffith is more interested in ideas and subjects than schools and styles. He provides a swift and astringent coverage of the cinema since 1930 ; the way in which these two critics complement each other, throwing into relief each other's stronger and weaker points, is highly interesting. Mr. Griffith's American chapter is the best example. Apt thumbnail estimates of leading directors and films are related to social moods and changes, and he shows clearly how the American cinema as a mirror of its time gives true and false reflections. The general result is that the emotional and dramatic qualities of films emerge much more definitely than in Mr. Rotha's criticism, but that individualities of style are blurred. The British cinema comes under fire from almost every conceivable quarter, and even Mr. Rotha is driven to some protesting footnotes. But Mr. Griffith's main estimates—of the evasive approach to contemporary life and the persisting legacies of grandiose "art" from *passé* continentals—seem to me just and unanswerable. Mr. Griffith is more erratic on the French cinema. Disliking temperamentally its pre-war fatalism as much as its post-war existential blackness, he attempts, without real supporting evidence, to discredit it stylistically. A brilliant example of the "stimulating" critic, he sometimes pays the penalty for it rather heavily.

The Film Till Now, it should be added, is illustrated with some excellent stills : care has been taken to avoid over-familiar ones, and they are satisfactorily reproduced.

GAVIN LAMBERT

THE OTHER WAY ROUND

The American Spirit in Europe. By HALVDAN KOHT. Pennsylvania University Press *Geoffrey Cumberledge*. 30s.

Lord Bryce's *American Commonwealth* appeared just at the moment when the United States was becoming accepted as a mature equal among the Powers. Dr. Koht's book has been published in the era of the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact. The change of emphasis is significant. Where Bryce and his contemporaries scrutinised American history to discover the impact of Europe upon a new society, Dr. Koht has reversed the process, seeking to show the influence of that new society upon Europe. It is a pity that he has been unable to deal in detail with events since 1945, for, more than ever before, the wind from the West is blowing through Europe, bringing American ideas, American dollars, attitudes, gadgets, comics and Coca-Cola.

To the reader of Dr. Koht's book, all this will seem merely the climax of a long process. His book is not exhaustive, and in the attempt merely to cover his subject he sometimes comes close to a mere cataloguing of names and events. But it serves as a useful corrective to the view of the United States as for long a quasi-colony, taking people, capital and techniques from Europe and, in a new and richly endowed country, turning them to great account, while itself contributing little. Dr. Koht rightly emphasises the impact of the American Revolution on Europe. It not only gave impetus to the upsurge of democracy on the Continent; in Britain, also, the Revolution helped to break up the Tory regime and to destroy the mercantile system. Indeed, it helped as much to create free trade in goods as to stimulate free trade in ideas. Though overshadowed by the French Revolution, it remained, throughout a great part of the nineteenth century, an inspiration to the liberal forces in Europe. The lesson of a practical democracy across the Atlantic was not lost upon those who stayed in Europe to fight against tyranny and poverty. The United States a hundred years ago struck many European democrats much as Russia appeared to Lincoln Steffens when he said that there, he had "seen the future, and it works."

It was not only in general principles that America had something to say to the Old World. It was ahead in popular suffrage and education; in feminism and penal reform, land tenure and farming methods. It encouraged social and economic experiment. It developed new tools such as the McCormick harvester, weapons such as the Colt revolver, utilities such as the electric lamp, the telegraph, typewriter, cash register and the elevator. In the field of technical or material progress, the list is long, and lengthens down to our own times. If, in literature, it is less impressive, at least there were Irving,

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SARTRE'S influence has been partly responsible for the interest in the Danish philosopher Kierkegaard. Now is published, for the first time, a study of his life and thought—**Professor R. Jolivet's *INTRODUCTION TO KIERKEGAARD*** (*15/-*). It avoids the academic aridity which the philosopher himself abhorred.

A useful companion to music listening is ***ADVENTURES IN SYMPHONIC MUSIC*** (*12/6*) by **Edward Downes** (*published with Ascherberg*). Here are the stories of 200 works by 58 composers, purposely limited to works available on gramophone records.

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Cooper, Melville, Poe and Longfellow, before the nation had reached its half-century. But reading through the record, one is struck again by the fact that America's greatest contributions were those of *application*; it was in applied politics, to some extent, and particularly in applied techniques for taming a continent and amassing material wealth that America had most to teach and Europe most to learn.

As a European—he was for long professor of history at Oslo, and Norway's Foreign Minister in 1940—Dr. Koht has given the United States its due. But he has been so concerned to take account of every influence that he has lost, somewhat, his own sense of emphasis. What one would like to have—but he never gives it—is his assessment of how important, relatively speaking, these influences were. How much greater was European influence on America than was the impact of the United States on Europe? Were the things in which Europe felt that impact vital, or were most of them marginal? Dr. Koht does not try to decide: he simply states that they existed.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

A BURIED LIFE

Journal in the Night. By THEODOR HAECKER. *Harvill Press. 12s. 6d.*

Theodor Haecker was one of a number of German Catholic thinkers introduced to us before the war by Messrs. Sheed & Ward's excellent series of pink Essays in Order. His essay was on Virgil. There was also in English a small Oxford volume containing a lecture and an essay on Kierkegaard, and a further study of Kierkegaard has appeared since the war with the present publisher. Haecker's remaining output in German is small. It consists in the main of a volume of essays, *Christentum und Kultur*, and a collection of newspaper articles, *Satire und Polemik*, written before his conversion at the age of forty.

Haecker was born of poor and evidently non-Catholic parents in Swabia. Through charitable assistance, he spent a while, but without taking a degree, at the University of Berlin. He settled in Munich and worked in a publisher's office. Facially disfigured by a sinus operation, he had renounced an earlier ambition to be an actor. He married. His wife died in 1935. He wrote in the evenings. Occasionally, he was invited to lecture at a university.

When Hitler came to power in 1933, he had just written a disrespectful article on the swastika. He was arrested, questioned and released. In 1943, known to be a friend of Hans Scholl, leader of the abortive students' rising, he was again questioned. One of his sons was a prisoner in England, the other reported missing on the Russian front. In 1944 his flat was destroyed by allied bombing, and he retired to Augsburg, where he died not long before the allied victory which he had both foreseen and hoped for. Viewed no doubt with suspicion and forbidden to lecture, he seems, nevertheless, not to have been seriously persecuted by the Nazis, and in this diary for the war years he records with a good deal of surprise the reception of official greetings on his birthday.

These war-time jottings were hidden in a friend's house outside Munich, as they were written. Read now in a solid volume, they have a curiously insubstantial air. Most of them record some painfully discovered fact about the Nazis, which had long been journalistic currency here. Haecker's discoveries are, to be sure, enveloped in theology, but nothing in them justifies Alexander Dru's attempt, in a long Introduction, to treat them as constituting a body of important contemporary thought.

Mr. Dru, in fact, not a little misses the point. The interest of this volume is, if he will permit me to use the word in a sense perhaps no longer accessible to him, an existential interest. It is not easy to state this, but perhaps Mr. Dru will understand if I say that more relevant than his own relation of Haecker's thought to Péguy's thought, Kierkegaard's thought and the thought of Burckhardt, Lassaulx, Nietzsche, Coleridge, Christopher Dawson and half a dozen other thinkers, would have been a Communist's or a French existentialist's denunciation of Haecker's inaction under a regime which he found reason to detest. The judgment implied in such a denunciation would, to my taste, have been glib, but it would have raised, as Mr. Dru does not, questions about society and the individual which are here latent in a story of quite exceptional pathos.

Haecker kept his faith. He has, we may presume, gone to his reward. To a Catholic in the ordinary way, that is all right. Whether it is all right to a Christian existentialist, it is up to Christian existentialists, of whom Mr. Dru is one, to try to say. Kierkegaard on the question "Has a Man the Right to Let Himself be Put to Death for the Truth?" they have all read. Under the circumstances presented by Nazi Germany at war, Kierkegaard might, I fancy, have insisted on a show-down, even in the case of so quietly biding a knight of faith, and must indeed have been in part responsible for the examples set by more than one Lutheran pastor.

I do not at all wish to press this point. And certainly I do not wish to seem to condemn Haecker or to suggest that any Englishman is in a position to judge him. What cannot be ignored, however, is that the question must for twelve years have been present to Haecker's mind, that it is nowhere expressed in his war-time journal and that its editor, who translated into English most of the volume in which Kierkegaard's essay appears, has seen no occasion either to raise or to forestall it.

What Haecker may be thought guilty of has been pointed out by Edwin Muir, reviewing the book in a contemporary—namely, of treating the Nazis and eventually the Germans as "they" and not as "we." Presumably, "we" to Haecker, had come to mean Christians, to mean membership of what then existed solely as a phantasy-society of the past, perhaps to be restored in a future which Haecker unhappily did not live to glimpse. But, yes, if with some *ressentiment*, evasion and self-righteousness, Haecker did preserve his faith, and that is perhaps impressive in itself. And I do not think that the most passionately agnostic of us could now contest his assertion that, if any hitherto Christian community is to lapse into barbarism, it must first renounce Christianity, strongly as we might resist the apparent corollary, urged by T. S. Eliot and many another, that only by continuing to profess Christianity can we avert barbarism.

This is a book which cannot be recommended on its merits, and its superficial interest is negligible. Nor, as will be seen, does it offer itself conveniently to the devices of a reviewer. I can, however, think of no better contemporary text for the most solemn, uncomfortable and probably inconclusive meditation.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

They Also Serve. By P. C. HOFFMAN. *Porcupine Press. 12s. 6d.*

This is a postscript to the history of Kipps, for Mr. Hoffman also started his career behind a draper's counter, carried his tin box from one "crib" to another, and "dressed like a duke on the wages of a dustman." He does not say that he wore a waterproof collar or blacked his boots with ink, but he knew the other petty indignities of the shop-assistant's life, fines, "living-in," poor meals and criminally long hours of work. The lesson he drew from all this was the need for union organisation, into which he threw all his energies. His book is part autobiography, part a history of Trade Unionism among the shop assistants. The first part is fascinating. He gives a wealth of detail about wages and working conditions at the end of the last century, spiced with anecdotes about the early attempts to limit the merciless exploitation of shop-workers. He shows how his union marshalled public support; how the wave of organisation came just at the moment when changing social and economic conditions made possible the

elimination of "living-in," and how the Great War gave the union a chance to consolidate its position. In its aftermath came the Army and Navy strike—a real victory—and the bitter dispute with John Lewis, the unbending patriarch whose refusal to negotiate at last destroyed the union in his stores. In the post-war years, shop-assistants suffered with the rest of the working-class; the fierce competition for jobs enabled the employer to get away with low wages and poor conditions. Not until the last war did the shop assistants again make any real headway, though they did receive some statutory protection between the wars. This part of Mr. Hoffman's story is much more scrappy and less illuminating. It would have been interesting to have had, at some length, his views about ways and means of organising workers in scattered small establishments and even upon possible changes in the structure of retail trade. It would have been useful, too, if he had filled in the economic background of the inter-war years more fully. But his book is not only a useful addition to trade union history: much of it is also very good reading.

Theory of Knowledge: An Introduction. By A. D. Woozley. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Woozley's aim, he informs us in his Preface, was to write a book which would serve "to suggest to readers what are some of the problems of philosophy and to indicate methods of tackling them"; and the readers he has in mind are amateurs of the subject. At first sight this seems a modest enough programme, but a peculiarity about philosophy is that, though to attempt either of the tasks Mr. Woozley sets himself is quite straightforward, to combine them is fraught with unexpected difficulties. For if, as it seems plausible to argue, philosophical problems are intimately related to linguistic confusions, then the expositor of philosophy is faced with a dilemma: either he can do justice to the problems by presenting them in the original idiom, or he can attempt to tackle them by reformulating them in a fresh idiom which is both lucid and unperplexing. But how can he do both? This is the technical task which Mr. Woozley has to solve and the solution he gives can be criticised for rather too extensive use of a traditional diction. So, for instance, he complicates his discussion of memory in the early chapters by nowhere explicitly differentiating two inquiries: the first, How can I in general distinguish between memory and imagination?—a logical question, a demand for a definition; and the other, How am I to tell at any particular moment whether I am remembering or imagining a particular incident?—a practical question only of course capable of being answered when the first question has been already settled. But the philosophers have not always distinguished between these two questions, and failure to do so has been one of the causes of the problem Mr. Woozley is discussing, so he may here, as elsewhere, be perpetuating the traditional approach as a sort of pedagogic device. His book then goes a considerable way towards achieving its aim, which is not the meagre claim it may sound, and it is vastly superior to many popular books on philosophy which enjoy a wide circulation.

How Governments Treat Books. By Sir Stanley Unwin. *Allen & Unwin.* 6d.

A brief summary of the restrictions various Governments place on the free interchange of literature, from the direct taxation of imported books and the complicated system of green customs labels to the taxation of children's Book Tallies. Sir Stanley Unwin's contention is that much of the ill-treatment of books is due to accident rather than design, that no democratic government likes to be considered obscurantist in this respect, and that once publicly challenged it may realise the absurdity of, for instance, sometimes treating books like potatoes and taxing them by weight. The only policy for those who write, publish and buy books, he stresses again, is constant vigilance.

The Trials of Frederick Nodder. Edited by Winifred Duke. *William Hodge.* 15s.

A squalid case this, without drama or mystery, yet it kept the newspapers of 1937 plastered with Armistice-sized headlines. Frederick Nodder was not a murderer on the heroic scale of to-day. He was the sort of seedy little man one sees in every public bar, wiping drops of beer from a grizzled moustache, adjusting a checked cap and dirty muffler, who abducted and murdered a little girl, Mona Tinsley. Connoisseurs of judicial wit will remember this trial for the extraordinary exchanges between the Judge (Mr. Justice Swift) and Mr. Maurice Healy who acted for the defence; these alone qualify this sad affair for the *Notable British Trials Series*. This case was to be Mr. Justice Swift's swansong. Perhaps that is why he kept up such a barrage of buffoonery, frivolous interpolations and snip-snap sarcasm which read like passages from Miss Compton-Burnett. Yet underneath this notorious after-luncheon manner of his, Swift was clearly a judge of exceptional qualifications. In case we have any doubts, his admirable summing-up eventually restores our faith in the strange ways of British Justice. Nodder got seven years for abduction, but within a few months Mona's body came to light, caught in the shallows of the River Idle. The girl had been strangled. This time the charge was murder. After a two-day trial, Mr. Justice Macnaghten sentenced Nodder to death. An appeal failed and on December 30th 1937, the glum little ogre shuffled to the gallows in Lincoln Gaol.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,053

Set by C. H. Rolph

The "judicial homily," by which the judge or magistrate sharpens, softens, or rationalises the sentence he is about to pass, deserves the attention of some irreverent anthologist. Example, from the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*: "Here you are, an able-bodied man, respectably brought up, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks." The usual prizes are offered for 100-word homilies addressed by a modern judge to Robin Hood, Galileo, Sir Thomas More, Bunyan, Casanova, Karl Marx, Tom Paine, Shelley, Parnell or Horatio Bottomley. Entries by May 2nd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,050

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes will be given for a rhyming dialogue of not more than 20 lines between a Taxpayer and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Report by J. B. Roderic

Readers will now know the worst—and best? But competitors rhymed in the dark, and this report, too, is compiled in ignorance of the ironies that might be added to the verses by the revelations of Budget Day. Most competitors made it an occasion for airing extravagant hopes, venting personal grievances, or spitting reactionary poison: the cool exercise of wit was, in the circumstances, perhaps too much to expect. Prizes of one and a half guineas each to Isabel Finlayson and Joyce Johnson: one guinea each to Pithecus, B. Callin and D. R. Peddy. Honourable mention to James Y. Finlayson and D. R. J. J. for their ingenious excursions in the steps of Burns and Chaucer, and to L. E. J. and Pearl.

Neglectful Stafford
(apologies to Robert Graves)

"Stafford, back from the poll, I see,
What have you brought for Nancy?
I broke with the booze (but the fags broke me)
Made my lipstick last an eternity,
And I've lost all hope of that post-war spree.
God be praised you are back," says she,
"Have you nothing better for Nancy?"

"Long as I sat in my Chancellery,
I budgeted all for your fancy.
For the sake of an export I taxed your hose;
But I pruned the profits, the wages froze,
And (see White Paper) production rose."

"Praise God for to-morrow's jam," said she,
"But to-day's bread's dry for Nancy.
Though I'm all for a planned economy,
Though I'm teaching the children their A B C
From O.H.M.S. and P.A.Y.E.,
Yet Cripps, don't tell me that *all* you've got
Is plainer living and higher thought.
Have you nothing better for Nancy?"

Isabel Finlayson

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TORY TAXPAYER : Here I've come to Staffy's house,
and, Staffy, you are in.
SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS : Yes, I'm in—but only just. A
very narrow win.
T. T. : " Staffy came to my house— " you know the
little rhyme ?
S. C. : I want no piece of beef, my friend, nor marrow
bone this time.
A vegetarian like me is better left a loan,
I have no time for visits from an unproductive
drone.
T. T. : But *I'm* no vegetarian. I drink a bit, and
smoke,
And why, because I do these things, should *I*
be stony-broke ?
And if I make a profit—*you* have earned it, I
suppose ?
S. C. : It is my duty first of all the dollar gap to close.
Time will go to prove that in postponement of
relief
Staffy was a wise man.
T. T. : Staffy was a thief !

JOYCE JOHNSON

CHANCELLOR : Sir, here's my budget. Can I interest
you ?
TAXPAYER : You had my interest long ago. What's
new ?
C. : Excise, and income-, purchase-, profit-tax
T. : (Excise is the *mot juste*—and with an axe.)
C. : Must all contribute more to the Exchequer.
T. : That profit-tax is certainly my Mecca.
C. : Your Mecca ? Come, that seems a sign of grace.
T. : No, but it is my profit's burial place.
C. : Food subsidies for rations must decrease.
T. : So that our slippery pole may have more grease ?
C. : We have to face the dollar situation.
T. : You don't suggest yet more devaluation !
C. : No, but you must eat less, or else pay more.
T. : Was that a pack of wolves outside the door ?
C. : Indeed my songless heart bleeds for your plight.
T. : Mine cannot—you've already bled me white.

PITHICUS

The Taxpayer lies mortally wounded :—

CHANCELLOR : Now you have won the day
The ambulance is free
And if the N.H.I. won't play
There's always the N.A.B.
You get, who wounded lie,
Free medical attention,
And though you shortly die,
Your widow gets a pension.
TAXPAYER : You said it would behove me
To pay up and be brave,
When you untimely drove me
From the cradle to the grave.
For the land that gave me birth
'Twas I who took the rap,
I proved my Sterling worth
And fell in the Dollar Gap.
(*He dies.*)
CHANCELLOR : Now let no more be said
Death duties cover all.
Your virtue we remember, though
you're dead,
And of your twenty pounds make
funeral.

B. CALLIN

CHANCELLOR : Mr. P.A.Y.E., you're improperly
dressed,
And my dissatisfaction is growing
With your belt, less than tight ; with your
elephants white,
And that big dollar-gap that is showing.
TAXPAYER : Good Sir Cripps, your reproof, if I've
blindly transgressed,
I accept, but say, what of the stories
That our grand Welfare State, at a much cheaper
rate,
Could be far better run by the Tories ?
C. : It may be (though I must say that you should
have guessed
How much credit such tales should be given)
That a quart may be got in the nation's pint pot,
But it's no magic world that we live in.
T. : Since the war, sir, I've witnessed my store going
west,
Like the rest of the (once) middle classes.
Very little remains, and the sum of my gains
Is my teeth and my N.H.S. glasses.
C. : Be of cheer, P.A.Y.E., and don't get depressed,
For I'm taking a ha'penny off smoking,
And the taxing of men with a family of ten
Or above, you will find I'm revoking !

D. R. PEDDY

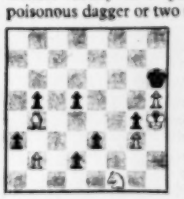
SCOT : Ye, wha oor siller an' oor gowd
Purloin, sae holy, prim an' proud,
Basking in smoke, an incense cloud,
Like ony priest,
A word wi' ye—Ah'll no' be cowed
Wi' " Wait, an' wheest ! "
CRIPPS : With this true Scots will claim accord :
Hard work and thrift we *must* afford,
When virtue is its own reward.
By Bell and Book,
Austerity remains till sword
Is pruning hook.
SCOT : But hungry mou's maun plead wi' Mars
Lest desolation turn tae warse—
CRIPPS : Now, sir, pray pause, translate and parse.
I lose my thread.
SCOT : —an' wife an' bairns but avatars
Tae altar led.
(*drawing claymore*). Punds Scots for
Scotland !
CRIPPS : (*removing himself to a safe distance*) Your
intent ?
SCOT : Deliverance ! Self-government ! . . .

JAMES Y. FINLAYSON

CHESS : More Than Meets the Eye

No. 33

Lightning flashes of sacrificial brilliancy and a thundering good mate to follow, Queens and Rooks locked in mortal combat, Knights and Bishops recklessly hurled in the fray—who of us would ever tire of such a spectacle ! Yet, it is the unspectacular that can give us even more lasting pleasure ; the quiet waiting move, the subtle gain of a tempo, or the ostensible loss of one—an even greater *finesse*. It is thrilling enough to see the board crowded with mighty swords fiercely brandished : but we may find no less infinite variety on a sparsely populated board with a poisonous dagger or two shrewdly secreted.



Here is such a position. A study by Gaerths. White to win. I had earmarked this for a competition, but on second thought I found it too complex. I mustn't be unfair to competitors wishing for a quiet week-end. He who is sufficiently ambitious had better cover up the rest of the page here and now and start poring over the diagram. He who can dispense with the sweat of his own brow to enjoy the fruit of other people's labour had better read on :

(1) Kt x QP	P-K7	(7) K-R5 !	Q-B2
(2) Kt-K4 !	P queens	(8) B-Kt7ch	Q x B
(3) B-B8ch	K-R2	(9) P x Qch	K x P
(4) Kt-B6ch	K-R1	(10) Kt-K8ch !	K-B2
(5) P-R6	Q-R8ch	(11) P x QRP !	K x Kt
(6) K-Kt5	Q-B8ch	(12) K x P etc.	

Plenty of minor variations. I will merely say this, that had Black played (7) Q-R8ch, then

(8) K-Kt6	Q-Kt8ch	(10) B-Kt7ch	Q x B
(9) K-B7	Q-R2ch	(11) P x Q mate	

But there is another key-move, too. Here is merely the main variation :

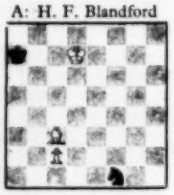
(1) B x QP	P x B	(4) P x RP	P x RP
(2) Kt x P	P-QKt5	(5) Kt x QP	P-R7
(3) Kt-Kt3 !	P-Q5	(6) Kt-Kt3 etc.	

There are a good many other variations. Here is merely one more combining the two main ideas:

(1) Kt x QP	P-K7	(6) P-R6	P-Q5
(2) Kt-K4	P queens	(7) B-B2 !	P queens
(3) B-Q2ch !	K-R2	(8) P-R7ch	K-Kt2
(4) B x Q	P-R7	(9) B x Pch	K-Kt3
(5) Kt-Kt5ch	K-Kt1	(10) P queens etc.	

Had Black played (5) K-R3, (6) B-Kt4! would have won. As for (3) Q x B, this is not good enough because P-QKt5 would fail to draw for Black, just like in a former variation. There must be at least a dozen other variations, for which I have no space.

A: H. F. Blandford



B: K. Runquist

C: K. Runquist

This week's competition—usual prizes, entries by May 1st—also presents rather more of a headache than the ultra-modest complement of pieces might suggest. White to win in each of the three. As a slight hint I will merely say this that it's all very well to promote a P, but it rather depends on *how* you do it.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 28

(Set April 1)

A : Key : Q-R1.
B : (1) R x B, R x R. (2) Q-Q4, Q-K4. (3) R-K1.
C : (1) R x P, Kt x R. (2) Q-Kt5, Kt-B2. (3) Q-Q8 ch, Kt x Q. (4) P-R6, etc.

This was evidently too simple, and though well over a score of competitors were stumped by C, at least twice as many sent in completely correct solutions. (That point system *will* be useful !) Impossible to mention even all those who attached additional material ; but much of this shall be used (and get due recognition) on some suitable occasion.

Here is one pretty example of a Q badly led astray by that dashing young octogenarian J. Mieses :

(1) P-QB4	P-K4	(7) Q-Kt3	R-QKt1
(2) Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	(8) Kt-Q5	B-QB4
(3) P-Kt3	Kt-B3	(9) Kt x Ktch	Q x Kt
(4) B-Kt2	B-Kt5	(10) B x Ktch	P x B
(5) P-K3	P-Q3	(11) Q x Rch	K-Q2
(6) KKt-K2	B-Kt5	(12) Q x R	Q-B6
		(13) resigns	

This was played in a London match and submitted by J. R. Harman, whose entry earns a share of the prizes, along with the equally painstaking analyses of J. D. M. Bell and W. H. Cozens.

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Lots of people today are called Wainwright or Smith simply because some ancestor specialised in agricultural machinery. By that token, thousands more may one day be known as Mr. T.I. . . . because TI certainly work for farmers. They supply the precision steel tubing, the wrought aluminium alloy, which are the basis of so many of the modern farmer's tools. When farmers talk tractors, milk transport tankers, separators, cheese vats, bottle filling plant and many kindred subjects, more than likely they are talking TI, while their ploughman no longer homeward plods his weary way. He cycles TI.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE University of Sydney. Challis Chair of English Literature. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Challis Chair of English Literature rendered vacant by the death of Professor A. J. A. Waldock. Salary will be at the rate of £1,500 (Australian) per annum. There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. There is in the Department of English a Chair of Early English Literature and Language at present held by Professor A. G. Matchell. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close with the undersigned on June 26, 1950. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the posts of Lecturer and Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy. At least one of the posts will be filled by a candidate having a special interest in moral and political philosophy. Salary scales, Lecturer £500-£1,100 per annum, Assistant Lecturer £450-£500 per annum. Initial salary of Lecturer according to qualifications and experience. Membership of the F.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 8, 1950, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of North Wales, Bangor. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Assistant Lecturer or Temporary Lecturer in the Department of Economics. The appointment will date from October 1, 1950, and the initial salary will be between £450 and £750 p.a. Twelve copies of the application should reach the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than May 6, 1950. Kenneth Lawrence, Secretary and Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a probationary Assistant Lectureship in Philosophy (initial salary £450 per annum, rising to £500 after one year). Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received on or before Monday, May 22, 1950.

WYE College (University of London), Ashford, Kent. The Governing Body of Wye College invite applics. for the post of Librarian to the College. Salary will be determined by quals. and exp. and will not be less than £400 per annum. The post ranks for Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Further partics. may be obtained from the Registrar, Wye College, Ashford, Kent.

COUNTY Borough of Brighton. Brighton Education Committee. Applications invited for appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary in accordance with the recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs). Initial salary within the scale according to the experience of the appointed candidate. The appointment is superannuable. The Psychiatric Social Worker will be required to devote two-thirds of her time to Child Guidance work under the Education Committee and one-third to adult cases under the Brighton and Lewes Hospital Management Committee. Training and experience in child guidance methods essential, together with an interest in the development of psychiatric social work in relation to adult psychotherapy. The appointed candidate will work at the Home Clinic, Princes St., Brighton, a newly organised department where special accommodation and facilities are available. Relationship with any member of the Borough Council or with any holder of a senior post under the Council must be disclosed. Canvassing directly or indirectly will disqualify. Applications to be sent to the Education Officer, 54 Old Steine, Brighton, within two weeks from appearance of advertisement. J. G. Drew, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Brighton.

DORSET County Council. Children's Section. Children Act, 1948. Applications are invited for the undermentioned appointments in a Children's Home which will shortly be re-opened, after alterations, complete re-decoration and furnishing. The premises are situated near the town of Bridport and are about 2 miles from the sea. The Home will be a mixed unit accommodating about 20 children over 5 years, but with more boys than girls. All will attend local day schools. 1. Superintendent and Matron (Joint Appointment). Salary—Superintendent £250 × £15—£295, plus full residential emoluments valued at £120 per annum. Matron, £220 × £15—£250, plus full residential emoluments valued at £120 per annum. The Superintendent should have an interest in using facilities of the grounds and outbuildings for hobbies. 2. House Mother. Salary, £5 2s. per week with a deduction of 21s. per week for board, lodging and laundry. 3. Assistant House Mother. Salary, £4 16s. per week with a deduction of 21s. per week for board, lodging and laundry. Applicants should have experience and training in children's work, must be fully interested in their welfare and activities in all aspects and capable of good household management. The appointments offer scope for initiative and constructive work in the County Services for deprived children and a sense of vocation is essential. The appointments are superannuable. For forms of application and any further particulars, apply: County Children's Officer, County Hall, Dorchester. C. P. Brutton, Clerk of County Council.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments in grade of Principal Scientific Officer at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, Nr. Didcot, Berks, to take charge of a small group engaged in problems of heat transfer, and special problems arising in the development of nuclear energy for power purposes, involving design of special experimental apparatus. Programme offers considerable opportunity for original work. Candidates must have a 1st or 2nd Class honours degree in mechanical or electrical engineering, or equivalent and have had several years' experience in an engineering laboratory, with responsibility for experimental and development work. Candidates must have been born on or before August 1, 1919. Inclusive salary scale (men) £910-£1,177. Rates for women somewhat lower. Posts carry benefits under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3022. Completed applications must be returned by May 1, 1950.

SUDAN Government. Ministry of Education requires a Technical Adviser (Production Editor) aged 23 to 40, for service in the Sudan. Candidates should have had several years' experience with a good publishing company and be capable of taking charge of the production, lay-out and distribution of educational publications including a fortnightly magazine. Appointment will be on Short Term Contract for a period not exceeding six years on a salary scale of £E.600 to £E.1,350. Special post-service bonus. Cost of living allowance varying between £E.180 and £E.390 per annum according to the number of dependents is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an outfit allowance of £E.60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no Income Tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Full particulars and application form may be obtained on application to: Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Production Editor."

OXFORD University Tutorial Classes Committee invite applications for the post of full-time tutor in North Staffordshire. Candidates should have good Honours degree in one or more of the following subjects: Economics, Politics, History, Philosophy, Psychology. Salary £450 to £850 according to experience and qualifications. Particulars and application form from Organizing Secretary, Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford. Closing date May 27.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for four pensionable posts of Assistant Keeper (Second Class) in the British Museum. One post is in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, one in the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities, one in the Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts, and one in the Department of Coins and Medals. Salary £310, rising to £600 (men) or £500 (women). Starting pay may be increased in respect of approved post-graduate experience, and in certain cases for service with the Forces. Prospects of promotion within seven years to posts of Assistant Keeper (First Class) at a salary of £700, rising to £1,100 (men) or £575, rising to £935 (women). Candidates must be at least 22 and under 26 years of age on January 1, 1950; extensions allowed for service on a regular or short service engagement in H.M. Forces and up to two years, for service in H.M. Forces otherwise than on a regular engagement, or for established civil service. For exceptionally well-qualified candidates the upper age limit may be extended. Candidates must have obtained (or obtain in summer, 1950) a University degree with First or Second Class Honours and must possess competent knowledge of two modern languages (preferably French and German). For Greek and Roman Antiquities a knowledge of Latin and Greek is essential and a knowledge of Classical Archæology is desirable. For Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts a knowledge of two Oriental languages, of which one must be Persian, is necessary. For Coins and Medals and British and Medieval Antiquities Latin is essential, but an additional modern language may be accepted instead of Greek. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3015; completed application forms must be received by May 4, 1950.

COUNTY of Leicester. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in charge of the School Estates Section in the Education Department of the Council. Common sense, accuracy, ability to deal successfully with people and with new situations, and familiarity with the needs of schools are essential. Knowledge of Ministry of Education Building Regulations and the procedure for acquisition of sites, and administrative experience in matters connected with repairs and maintenance of premises, would be an additional but not essential qualification. Salary in accordance with the National Scheme of Conditions of Service, A.P.T. Grade VI (£595-£660), or Grade VII (£615-£710) according to qualifications and experience. Consideration will be given to registered disabled persons. Applications should be sent not later than April 10, 1950, to the Director of Education, County Offices, Grey Friars, Leicester, accompanied by the names of three referees and one testimonial. The post is superannuable and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical exam. John A. Chatterton, Clerk of Council.

EXPERIENCED bookkeeper required. Man/woman. London College. Box 6053.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Navy. Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with degrees in English, History, Geography or Economics with a sound Mathematics or Science background. Opportunities will be afforded for Officers, after two years' service, to be selected for permanent commissions. A short service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £438 in third and fourth years, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £237 in first year, £310 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and victuals are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over normally receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous naval service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Short Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 4. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 5. Apply Director (P), Educ. Dept., Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details & appl. forms.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two posts of Assistant Keeper in the former India Office Library under the Commonwealth Relations Office. The appointments may be to the grade of Assistant Keeper (First Class) or Assistant Keeper (Second Class). Candidates for the post of Assistant Keeper, First Class, must be at least 30 and under 50 years of age on 1st January, 1950, and for the post of Assistant Keeper, Second Class, at least 25 and under 30 years of age on that date. They must have either (a) a knowledge of Arabic and Persian and a degree with not less than Second Class Honours in either or both of these languages; or (b) a degree with not less than Second Class Honours in Sanskrit, or must show that their proficiency in these languages is of an equivalent standard. Salary scales (for men): Assistant Keeper, First Class, £700 × £25—£900 × £30—£1,100; Assistant Keeper, Second Class, £330 × £25—£600. Scales for women are somewhat lower. Superannuation under Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 3024; completed application forms must be recd. by April 28, 1950.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Milton Grange Reception Centre. Applications are invited from women and married men for the post of Warden. If a man is appointed, he will hold a joint appointment with his wife who will be appointed as Matron. If a woman is appointed, she will be given other housekeeping assistance in place of a Matron being appointed. The Warden will be required to have had wide experience with children (preferably in the assessment of individual children); will be expected to possess suitable qualifications; and will be paid the salary applicable to the Head Teacher of a Group III School, as well as emoluments (£440 × £15—£695 per annum for a man, or £295 × £12—£569 per annum for a woman; plus additions for additional periods of training or a degree as laid down by the Burnham Scales). The Matron will be expected to have had considerable experience in the care of sick children; and will be paid on the salary scale of £180 × £10—£230 plus emoluments. The Committee regret that, in the case of this particular home, no accommodation would be available for a married couple with children of their own. The post will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, to the Staff Widows' and Orphans' Pensions Scheme, or (under certain conditions) to the Teachers' Superannuation Acts; and to the general conditions of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities Administrative, etc., Services as adopted by the City Council, as far as they apply to Superintendents and Matrons of Children's Homes. The appointment will be subject to three months' notice on either side. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of the age, training, qualifications, experience and present appointment of the applicant, together with the names of two or three referees and any other relevant information, should be sent to the undersigned as soon as possible. Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer, 102 Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. P.O. Box 93.

FIRST-CLASS Secretary wanted in office of a London College. Gd. speeds in shorthand and typewriting. Degree an advantage, but not essential. Residence if reqd. Box 6052.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PERSONAL secretary reqd. by managing director of medical publishing firm in Oxford. Interesting, responsible work requiring initiative. Medical exp. an advantage; some knowledge of book-keeping desirable. Ideas as to salary appreciated. Box 6353.

APPLICS. are invited for the post of Matron, who should have nursing qualifics. for Jewish Home for the Blind, nr. Dorking, Surrey, which houses some 70 residents (Jewish applicants prefd.). Apply with full partics. to: Secretary, Jewish Blind Society, 5 Stanhope Terrace, London, W.C.2.

ASSISTANT Superintendent, with previous experience, required for Voluntary Home for Girls in South London. Commencing salary £200 per annum with full board. Replies with full particulars to Box 6284.

LONDON, N.W.11. Wanted, September, 1950, woman or man for 9-yr.-old group, also woman for 4-yr.-old group, recog. pens. coed. day school. Froebel training pref. King Alfred School, North End Rd.

CLUB Leader (woman) for Sept. or earlier for Mixed Youth and Junior Clubs to work with man. Resident. Salary according to exp. Apply with 3 testimonials to: Warden, The Birmingham Settlement, 610 Kingstanding Rd. Birmingham, 22.

LITIGATION Clerk required by London solicitor for conducting actions on behalf of injured workmen. Ideal opportunity for young Socialist with intelligence, initiative, imagination and absolute integrity. Knowledge and experience of Factories Act and Common Law desirable. Box 6112.

ELDERLY Englishwoman residing nr. Basle wants chauffeuse-help. Small house in beautiful surroundings. Interesting centre. Write (3d.): Mrs. Binnie, Dornach (Sol), Switz.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman with considerable business ability and exp. wd. welcome suggestions for part-time position. Own car. Box 5486.

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MAGDALEN College School, Oxford. Entrance Scholarship Examination, June 5 and 6, 1950. Age limit 13. Particulars obtainable from the Master.

SCHOOLS

BEDFORD. The Dame Alice Harpur School. Direct-grant Grammar School (formerly known as Girls' Modern School). School Boarding House. The Governors of the school have acquired property in Bushmead Avenue which will be opened as a school boarding house in April, 1950. The house will eventually hold about forty girls. Applications for entrance in April, September, or later, should be submitted as soon as possible. Boarding fee £35 a term, plus tuition fee £8 a term. Application forms, prospectus, and further particulars can be obtained from the Head Mistress, Miss I. L. Forster, at the school.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Matts., Sat. 2.30 until May 3, thereafter Weds. Sats. 2.30. Seats bookable through principal agents.

UNITY. "How I Wonder," Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Ivanov." Members.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29, Buckingham St., Strand. TEM. 6261. New Group Theatre Company: 1st English production, "The Fugitive," by Fritz Hochwaelder. Tu. Apr. 25 till Sun. Apr. 30, 8 p.m. Mems.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Sun., Apr. 23, 7.30: "Bagarres" (A) (French).

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts, Apr. 23, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Aleph String Quartet. Eileen Grainger viola, Dennis Brain horn. Mozart St. Qt. D, K.499. Str. Qnt. in C, K.515. Horn Qnt, K.407. 1s.

CHENIL Galleries, King's Road, Chelsea. Tues., April 25, at 8 p.m. Norina Semino (cello), Tatiana Preston (soprano), Gordon Watson (piano), Christopher Shaw (accompanist). Cello sonatas by Beethoven & Debussy, songs by Purcell, Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky & R. Strauss, piano works by Schumann & Liszt. An exhibition of paintings by Manuel Benaim will be on view in the foyer. Tickets (7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.), from Mrs. FitzLyon, 34 Nevern Place, S.W.5 (FRObisher 2125), & at Chenil Galleries on the night of the concert.

LONDON Symphony Orchestra. This Sun. at 3, Royal Albert Hall. Symphony No. 8 ("The Unfinished") Schubert. "Song of the Earth," Mahler. Conductor, Josef Krips. Soloists, Kathleen Ferrier, Richard Lewis. Presented by London Symphony Orchestra, Ltd., in assn. A.C.G.B. mgt. Harold Holt, Ltd. 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. Ken 8212.

LONDON Mozart Players (presented by Haydn-Mozart Society). Conductor: Harry Blech. Mozart programme. Soloist: Denis Matthews. Chelsea Town Hall, Tues. next, at 7.30. Tkts.: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s., (3s. 6d. all sold), from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

DANCE. By the International Friendship League at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Sat., April 22, 7-11. Reg-Judy Band.

EXHIBITIONS

HEAL & SON, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. Selection of GAINSMED FACSIMILES on show on the 4th Floor.

MURAL Painting. 1st Exhibition of the Society of Mural Painters. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, open till May 8, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

EDUCATION in Poland: An Exhibition organised by the Polish Teachers' Union and showing educational developments in post-war Poland is on view daily Apr. 19-May 1, Mon.-Sat. (incl.) from 10 a.m.-6 p.m. at Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Recent works by Lucian Freud. Engravings by Roger Vieillard. Until May 27.

THE Group of 12 exhibition of oil paintings. Cooling Galleries, Apr. 17-29. Daily 10-6. Adm. free.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Contemporary Austrian Painters. First exhibn. in England. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

CONTEMPORARY Furniture of new and exclusive design, as shown at the Ideal Home Exhibition, now on view at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

TWENTY Brook St.: Paintings by Norland & Marine Subjects by M. Lenczcynski.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Retrospective Exhibition of A. Mintchine, 1898-1951.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Originals & Reproductions by Asian Artists. Books on Yoga, Music, Art.

MICHAEL O'Connell. The art of resist-painting in dyes. Asian Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. April 19 till May 3.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Open Assembly 1950. Daily 10-5 except Sundays. April 12-29. Admission 1s.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Reproduction of the Radclyffe Prints of Eton, Winchester, Rugby & Charterhouse. Also Flower Paintings by Sigismund Freyhan. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.), until April 29. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco. 19 Cork St., W.1. English and French Paintings, 1770-1920.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Gouaches by John Paddy Carstairs. April 24-May 27.

THE Contemporary Art Society's Exhibition of British Painting and Sculpture of the last 50 years called "The Private Collector" at the Tate Gallery ends at 6 p.m. on Sun., April 23. Adm. free.

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EXHIBITIONS—continued

"IN Paris Now." Paintings by notable contemporary French artists. Sculpture and drawings by Georg Ehrlich. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Drawings by Patricia Calnan. April 19-May 13. 190 Kensington Church Street, W.8.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. The Coalminers: Paintings, drawings by coalminers and artists, 11-6, Sats. inc.

CHELSEA Gallery, 336B Kings Rd., S.W.3. Plant Studies & Paintings by L. P. Bauer. April 20-May 6, 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Raoul Dufy, Paintings and Gouaches. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A. Music Discussion: April 25, Music in Opera. Chairman: Earl of Harewood. May 9. Music in Film. Chairman: Alan Rawsthorne. 8 p.m., Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gdns. Park Lane, W.1. Institute of Contemporary Arts mems. only. (M'ship. enquiries welcome, 6 Fitzroy St., W.1.)

A DISCUSSION on "The Revival of Poetic Drama": Ronald Duncan, Montagu Slater, Robert Gittings, E. Martin Browne. Chair: Terence Tiller. Mon., April 24, 6.30 p.m., at Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gdns., Curzon St., W.1. Adm. free.

DENNIS Gray Stoll on "The Arts Are, Were, and Ever Will Be," on April 28, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Wednesday, April 26, at 8 p.m. "Modigliani (1884-1920)." Illustrated lecture by Helen Kapp. Non-members 1s.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 29, at 6 p.m. Madame Pauline Fitt (Alliance Française): "Joyaux de France: les émaux limousins." Avec projections.

THE Debate Continues: Eric Hartley on "Realism in Contemporary Soviet Literature"; readings by Max Brent, Morris Sweden. Tues., April 25, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 2s. (Mems. & students 1s.).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Discussion meeting. Leader: J. Shapiro—"Are Controls necessary for Planning?" Wed., April 26, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Great Newport St., W.C.2. Adm. 1s. 6d.

J. PLATTS Mills: member of Peace Delegation to Moscow, speaks at Hampstead Town Hall, Tues., Apr. 25, 8 p.m. Hamp. B.S.F.S.

COMMUNIST May Day Meetings. Sun., April 30, at 6.30 p.m., at St. Pancras Town Hall & Shoreditch Town Hall. Speakers: Ted Bramley, John Mahon, John Gollan, Phil Piratin, Bill Jones, Ted Dickens, Bill Brooks, Bill Carritt, H. B. Lim & Nigerian spkr. Dramatic Recitals. London Communist Choir. 6d.

DR. J. B. Rhine on "Telepathy and Human Personality." Dr. Rhine, Director of the Parapsychology Laboratory, Duke University, North Carolina, will deliver the Tenth Myers Memorial Lecture at the Caxton Hall (Great Hall), Caxton St., Westminster, S.W.1, at 8.30 p.m., on Wed., May 10. Open to the public. Admittance (free) by ticket only, obtainable from the Society for Psychical Research, 31 Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1.

HUNGARIAN Cultural Institute. Mrs. Beatrice King on "Child Care and Education in Hungary." Chair: Miss B. Burchell. Wed., Apr. 26, 6.30. 22 Manchester Sq., W.1.

SHAW Society: Constance Cummings on "St. Joan"; Chair: Esme Percy, 57 Dean St., W.1. April 28, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s.

SEX Education Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, at 7.30 p.m. on Monday, April 24. Lecture by Dr. J. C. Flugel on "The Psychology of Happy Marriage." Adm. 2s. Enquiries with stamped addressed env.: 36 Devonshire Mews West, W.1. WEL. 7840.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Nature of a Humanist Movement." At the Ethical Church, 42 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, April 23, at 11 a.m.

PERSONALIST Group, Psychology Section: "What is Personalist Psychology?", Dr. E. K. Ledermann. Tues., April 25, 7.15 prompt. Friends' House, Euston Road.

BUDDHIST Vihara Society in England. Ethical Hall, Queensborough, Bayswater (entrance 4A Inverness Place). Sunday, April 30, 3 p.m. Vesak celebration. Speaker: The Ven. U. Thittila, H.E. Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, K.B.E., K.C.M.G., High Commissioner for Ceylon in the U.K., will preside.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., Public Lecture, Weds. April 26, 6.30. "The Doctrine of the Non-Ego." W. A. Purfurst.

THE Buddhist Festival of Wesak, 7.30 p.m., Tues., May 2, at the Large Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Speakers include The Bhikkhu U Thittila, H.S.H. Prince Subha Svasti, Mr. Christmas Humphreys, Mr. Cyril Moore. Chair: Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, April 27. "Maya and Illusion." Meditation. At 180 Aldersgate (nr. Aldersgate & St. Paul Tube Stns.). E.C.1, premises of Dialdha & Sons. Every Monday from May 1, at 7.30, Meditation class and spiritual talk on religion, philosophy, Yoga, psychology, etc. All welc.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LOUISE Schroeder, Deputy Lord Mayor of Berlin, & Lucy Middleton, M.P., will address meeting April 28, 7.30 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Assocn. German Social-democrats in Great Britain.

KENSINGTON Fabian Society: 1st of 3 discussions on the economic crisis. Spkr.: Gus Somerset on "The Dollar Gap and the Socialist Bridge." 8 p.m. on Mon., April 24 at 37 Gloucester Walk (off Kensington Church St.), W.8. Mems. and non-members invited.

ALAN Bush talks on "Music & Society" at Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlbro' St., W.1, on Sat., April 22, 7 p.m., illustrated. W.M.A. Singers and records. Tickets 2s. W.M.A.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sat., Apr. 22, at 2.45, at 31 Lancaster Grove, nr. Swiss Cottage. Mr. F. T. Willey, M.P. for Sunderland: "Morality and Politics."

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. April 23: Thought Transference.

STEPHEN Bone and Ithell Colquhoun on "Must the Art of the Future be Abstract?" Chairman, Morris Kesteiman. Thursday, April 27, 8 p.m. Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. All welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sunday meeting at 11 o'clock. Apr. 23: S. K. Ratcliffe, "Wordsworth Centenary." Adm. free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Experience, Thought & Art in the Poetry of Milton" will be given by Prof. A. S. P. Woodhouse (Toronto) at 5.30 p.m., on April 27, May 1 and May 3, at the Univ. of London: Senate House (entrance from Malet St., W.C.1). Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures will be given by Professor Axel Sömme (Bergen) at 5.30 p.m. on May 2 and 3, at Birkbeck College, Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. May 2, Physical Factors Influencing the Regional Differentiation of Norwegian Agriculture. May 3, Norwegian Agriculture and Food Supply: Achievements and Possibilities. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: Two lectures entitled "Visión de un Mundo Poético" will be delivered (in Spanish) by Don Vicente Aleixandre at 5.30 p.m., on May 1 and 4, at King's College, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY College, London. Free Public Lectures, Summer Term, 1950. Mon., May 1, 8, 15, 22, June 5, 12, 19, 26, at 4.45. Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, Genetics and Biochemistry. Tues., May 2, at 5.15, Prof. H. Hartridge, Some Recent Advances in the Physiology of Vision. Thurs., May 11, 18, 25, June 1, at 4.45, Dr. P. J. G. Mann, Minor Elements in the Nutrition of Higher Plants. Thurs., May 11, at 5.30, Mr. T. F. Reddaway, The London of the Great Exhibition. Tues., May 23, at 5.15, Inaugural Lecture by Prof. Kathleen Lonsdale, Fists and Facies: about Crystals. Wed., May 31, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Prof. Ernest Baldwin, The Biochemical Approach to Biological Organization. Thurs., June 1, at 5.30, Prof. A. Perosa, Problemi e aspetti della poesia latina del Quattrocento (in Italian). Tues., June 6, at 5.30, Prof. S. G. Kapsomenos, The Greek Koine in the Light of its Later Development. Thurs., June 8, at 5.30, The Rickman Godlee Lecture by Mr. A. E. Popham, Collectors and Collections of Drawings.

"MUSIC and the Amateur," at Pendley Centre of Adult Education. A week-end course, May 19-22 (Fri. even. to Mon. morn. 2gns.), including a recital by The Chiltern Singers, Mr. Jasper Rooper on "The Strings of the Orchestra," Mr. Norman Hearn on "Words and Music," and opportunities for Singing, Playing and Listening. Pars. Secy., Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302).

"CULTURE and Neurosis." Progressive League Whitsun Conference, May 26-29, at Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sussex. Full programme available shortly. Lectures will approach the theme from the angle of psychiatry, art and philosophy. Speakers will include Dr. H. S. Klein, Maryon Wright and E. L. Grant Watson. Recreations: Rambling, sea bathing, music and poetry, ballroom and country dancing. Fees: Mems. £3, non-mems. £3 5s., from Friday supper to Monday tea. Apply with full fee to Hon. Secretary (private address), 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

COME & take part in International Week-end Conferences in pleasant surroundings on vital problems of our modern world. April 29 & 30: World Citizenship and World Government, May 13 & 14: The United Nations and its Agencies, May 27 & 28: Russia. Also: Summer Schools from May till Sept. Apply for particulars to Sec., International People's College, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

ALL Foreign Languages taught in small classes and private lessons. Prospectus (free): Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St. Marble Arch, W.1. MAY 4640.

LANGHAM Secretarial College. Thorough training for educated girls leads to well-paid private secretarial posts at home and overseas. Vacancies, May 31, Sept. 4. Final year students may enrol provisionally for Sept. Prospectus: Secretary, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

ASHRIDGE. Course 17, April 28-May 1. The Press. The British Press, F. K. Gardiner; The Work of a Foreign Correspondent, W. G. Courtenay; The Production of The Times, Frank Waters; The Press in International Affairs, Monsieur Jean Wetz; The Press and the Public Relations Officers, R. A. Paget-Cooke. Inclusive Fee: £3 10s. Course 18, May 1-4. Women's Share of the Nation's Work. Women's Voluntary Work, The Lady Hillingdon, D.B.E.; Careers for Women, Miss M. Hayward; Women in Industry, Miss F. G. Hurley; Women as Citizens, Miss D. Neville-Rolfe. Nursing and the Auxiliary Health Services, Miss M. Marriott. Inc. Fee: £3 5s. Applics. to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel.: Little Gaddesden 3191.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham, Institute of Education. Diploma in Education. A course will open for the above Diploma in October, 1950. Applications from qualified teachers with not less than five years approved professional experience should be made to the Staff Officer, Institute House, 50 Wellington Rd. Birmingham, 15, not later than May 1, 1950. The Diploma may be obtained by means of a one-year full-time or a two-year part-time course of study. A dissertation on an approved topic must be presented during the year following the completion of the course.

BLIND Welfare. A worthwhile career in town or country offers itself to qualified Home Teachers of the Blind. Approved salary scale. The Southern Regional Association for the Blind Training Course begins September next: One year non-residential: Braille, Handicrafts, Professional Knowledge, Social Welfare, Case work. Fees 60 guineas. Course is recognised for grants. Application to Secretary, S.R.A.B., 14 Howick Place, S.W.1.

PEARSON Foundation College. Spring Term Lectures. Evening and afternoon classes. Courses on: Philosophy; Psychology; Psychiatry; Remedial Dietetics; Biochemistry; Art Therapy; Music; Speech; Nuclear Physics; from May 1st. Write Registrar, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5, for syllabus.

KING'S Copse House Studio. A residential studio, in ideal country, one hour from London. Private grounds, swimming pool, and woods. Where the artist, or student, may study figure and landscape in an atmosphere of serious training, combined with individual freedom. Contact kept with London and Continental galleries and exhibitions. Particulars from: C. W. Swiny, King's Copse House, Bucklebury Common, Reading. Tel.: Bradfield 26.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 215gns.; 21 days, 265gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1950 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training for graduates and other educated girls. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Special courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands, and in Management. Scholarships. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 5986.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Square). Summer Term begins May 8. Classes for Beginners & Students of all grades. Individual tuition. All partics. from Secretary. Tel.: Holborn 6770.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

DAVIDSON Clinic Summer School—July 27 to August 2. "Marriage To-day—a Psychological Study." A summer School for social workers, clergy, doctors, educationalists and men and women personally interested. Non-resident: Fee £2 3s. Students and married couples at reduced fees. The lectures will be given by Mr. Adam Curle, Dr. John Layard, Dr. E. F. Griffith, Dr. Winifred Rushforth, Dr. W. P. Kraemer and the staff of the Davidson Clinic. Discussion groups daily. Opportunities to see the working of the Clinic. Full particulars and programme from The Secretary, 26 Chalmers St., Edinburgh, 3.

FOREIGN holiday in England. Join a house party with an international flavour, near the sea and the New Forest. There you will have a chance to meet interesting people from this and other countries. Foreign Language Exchange and Tuition. Debates and discussions. Trips to Bournemouth, Isle of Wight, etc. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SPAIN and Portugal: Summer Courses in Santander (August) and Coimbra (July-August). Also Hispanic Council Wandering Scholars in Northern Spain. Details: Educational Director, 4, Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

PAINTING School, Riviers. July-Sept. Partics.: Secretary, 82 Heath Drive, N.W.3.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 470 and 471

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